

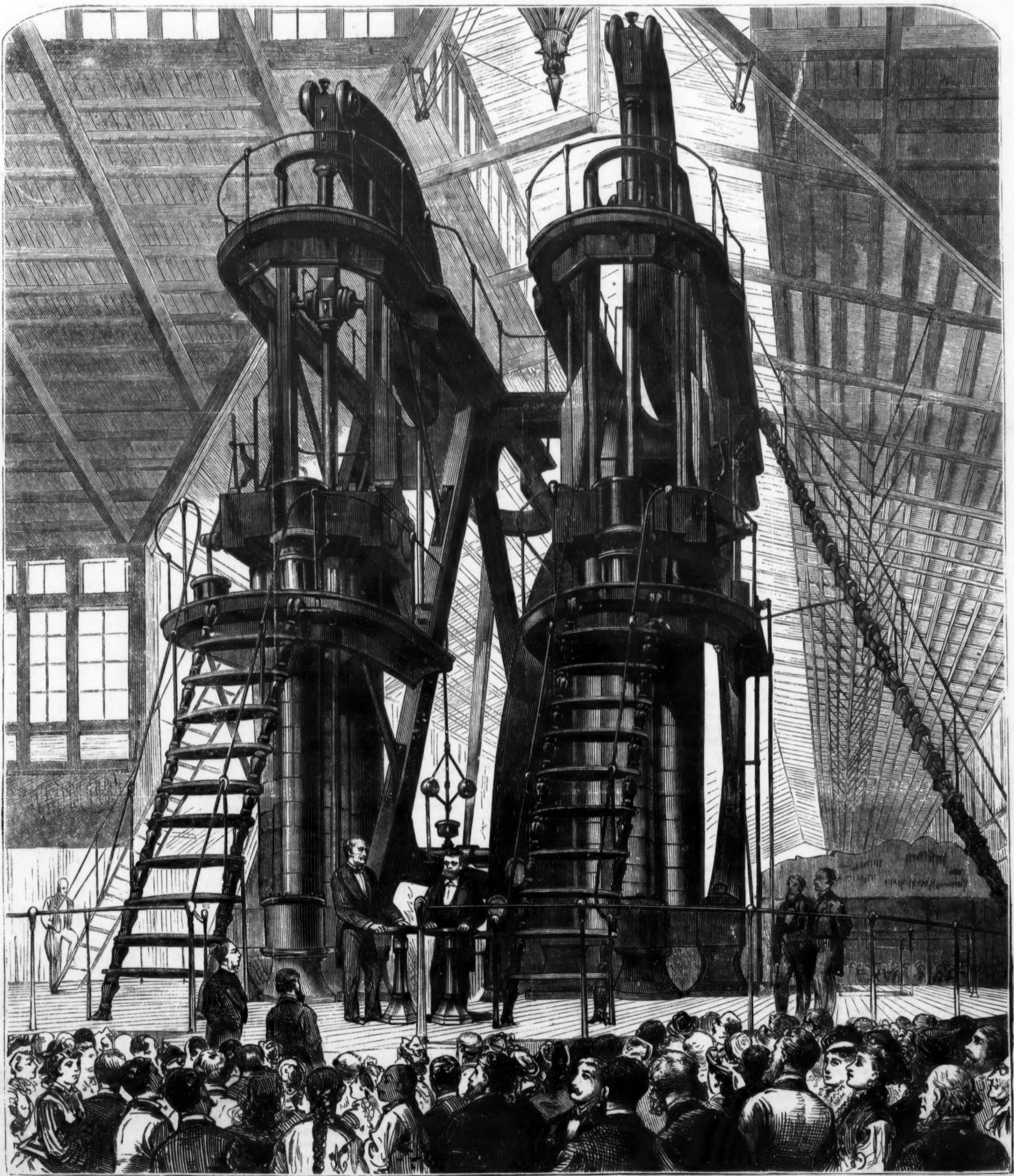
FRANK LESLIE'S
LESLIE'S WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER

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PHILADELPHIA PA.—OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, MAY 10TH—MACHINERY HALL—THE GREAT CORLISS ENGINE—PRESIDENT GRANT STARTING THE MACHINERY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1876.

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A NEW SERIAL NOVEL.

A GIRL'S VENGEANCE.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDEIRE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

In the present Number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we present the opening chapters of an exceptionally interesting novel, based upon incidents in domestic life, and replete with dramatic power and stirring incident. Those who have read the former novels of this vigorous writer will find here a story fully worthy of her high reputation: to all we can promise a highly wrought story, with those clearly marked characters that show a deep, familiar study of human nature, and language eloquent, beautiful, and appealing to all our sympathies.

THE OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION.

THE event to which the whole nation has been looking forward with eager expectation passed off with all the *éclat* and splendor that the most ardent lover of his country could desire. For the last few days the busy hum of preparation has been heard from early morning until late at night, and so much remained to be done, that only by dint of superhuman exertion could the buildings be put in any suitable order for the inaugural ceremonies. The exhibitors, aided by the Commissioners, showed themselves equal to the occasion, and by nine o'clock on the 10th of May everything was in as great a state of forwardness as was witnessed on the first day in Paris or Vienna. Long before the hour appointed for the opening the entrances were besieged by a crowd of people who were prepared to pay the exact charge required for admission, and who were anxious to secure good positions for witnessing the ceremonies, and for gazing at the distinguished guests who were to occupy the seats of honor on the platform. The multitude was free to march through the Park, but the buildings were closed to them until the Exhibition had been declared open by the President of the United States. As the platform was erected between the Memorial Hall and the grand entrance of the Main Building, the open space on each hand afforded room for a large concourse of spectators, most of whom could hear the music, if they could not understand the speeches. This platform was reserved for the invited guests, and was approached from the Main Hall. The guests were as follows:

The President of the United States and Cabinet—Section L.
The Supreme Court of the United States—Section G.
The Diplomatic Corps—Section J, K.
The Senate of the United States—I and H.
The House of Representatives—G.
Governors of States and Staffs—F.

Governor, State Officers, Supreme Court and Legislature of Pennsylvania—E.
United States Centennial Commission, Board of Finance, Women's Executive Committee, the Foreign Commissioners, Boards and Bureaux of Exhibition—L, M and N.
Board of Judges of Awards—L.
Judges of United States Courts, and Officers of United States Executive Bureaux—C.
Mayor, City Councils and City Department of Philadelphia—O and N.
Army, Navy, Smithsonian Institute, Naval Observatory—D.
Mayors of Cities—P.
State Centennial Boards—Q.
Women's Centennial Committee—A, B, C.
Foreign Consuls—O.
Yacht, Rowing, Regatta and Rifle Committees—P.

Each guest was provided with a diagram of the platform, on which was indicated, in red ink, the section where he belonged. There was also a plan of the grounds on the ticket, so that no one had the least difficulty in finding the place that had been reserved for him. These arrangements were admirable, and there was no confusion in consequence. The ticket admitting to the platform also had the programme of exercises printed on the back, and was thus a complete guide for the entire exercises. The card of invitation which was sent to the guests indicated above was printed from a handsome plate engraved for the occasion by Dreka, of Philadelphia, and had for vignette a shield and scroll on which was the inscription, "The Centennial Year of the United States of America, 1776-1876." Below the vignette was the formal invitation, "The United States Centennial Commission respectfully invite you to be present at the opening of the International Exhibition of 1876, on the 10th of May, at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. To _____ of the _____ Philadelphia, March 4th, 1876." Inclosed in this was a somewhat formidable ticket to be given up at the gate, "Admit to the Opening Ceremonies of the International Exhibition, 1876." There was in addition the platform ticket described above. The several hundred guests who were provided with these passports began to assemble soon after nine o'clock, as they were requested on the cards to be in their places before 10:15 A. M. Those who arrived in carriages entered at the Concourse; those by rail, at the end and side of the Main Building. As all of them passed through the building on the way to Memorial Hall, an opportunity was afforded for obtaining a hasty glance at the various products which were already in place. This glance was, however, sufficient to show that everything was in a very fair state of preparation for the reception of the President at the close of the ceremonies. A special entrance had been provided for the President from the rear and through Memorial Hall. Promptly at the hour the grand orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas struck up the national airs of the countries whose representatives were assembled on the platform, and a fitting recognition was accorded by the multitude to the familiar hymns of England, France, Austria, and our own national air, as they were in turn rendered by the orchestra. The arrival of the President of the United States was greeted with loud cheers and every demonstration of respect, all the guests remaining standing until he had taken his seat. Then came the grand musical treat of the occasion, the Centennial Inauguration March, composed for the occasion by Wagner. As none but the musicians had heard this masterpiece, everybody was full of expectation, and it was listened to with the most rapt and appreciative attention. There are certain passages in it which are destined to become familiar household music, and as Theodore Thomas has arranged it for the piano, it will soon be accessible to all. In the open air the effect of the piece was very marked, and the heavy preponderance of brass instruments rather added to than diminished the effect. A prayer was then said by the Right Rev. Bishop Simpson, after which a hymn composed by Whittier, and set to music by John K. Paine, was very effectively rendered by the orchestra and a trained chorus. Mr. Welsh, of the Board of Finance, then recounted the labors of the Commission over which he had presided, and pointed to the buildings as the proofs of the success which had attended their work, and formally presented these structures to the President for the use of the Exhibition. There was more music, being a cantata by Sidney Lanier, set to music by Dudley Buck. Then General Hawley, as official head of the Centennial Commission, addressed the President of the United States, in a few brief words rehearsing the prominent facts connected with the occasion, and asking him to formally declare the buildings and grounds open to the public. President Grant replied in a few fitting words, and, pointing to the buildings, declared them to be open for the uses for which they had been designed. He had scarcely finished his sentence before there was a great waving of flags, ringing of chimes, firing of cannon, saluting of steam-whistles, and every demonstration of noise that the genius of man has invented. The choir gave Handel's magnificent "Hallelujah" chorus, and the President, taking General Hawley's arm, descended to the Main Hall, followed by the procession of

invited guests, and reviewing as he passed the various foreign commissioners who had hastily repaired to their respective posts in readiness to receive the august head of the nation. From the Main Building the procession moved to Machinery Hall, where it disbanded, after the immense Corliss engine had been started at a signal given by the President. There was a reception at the Judges' Hall for those who wished to be introduced to the President, and then the buildings were thrown open to the eager throng of spectators who had been spending so many hours waiting for their turn. And thus the Centennial Exhibition was inaugurated under the most favorable auspices, and in a manner worthy of the event it was intended to celebrate, and of the powerful nation which has grown up in the last hundred years.

THE CRIME OF INCOMPETENCE.

"ON my arrival in the United States," says M. de Tocqueville, in his well-known treatise on "Democracy in America," "I was surprised to find so much distinguished talent among the subjects and so little among the heads of the Government." The observations of this enlightened Frenchman were made in the years 1831 and 1832, during the latter part of General Jackson's first presidential term; and that the political phenomena which then met his eye were not of exceptional occurrence or peculiar to that administration, is made abundantly plain by the emphatic statement that he had found it to be "a constant fact in the United States that the ablest men are rarely placed at the head of affairs," and he adds that such a result had declared itself in growing proportions according to the degree in which the Democratic features of our politics had become more and more excessive in their prominence. Hence it is that, writing in 1835, he did not hesitate to express the decided opinion that "the race of American statesmen had evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the last fifty years."

If such was the melancholy inference drawn by De Tocqueville in 1831 and 1832, what would have been his surprise at the present day, if, with the same philosophical acumen, he could return to contrast the growing intelligence of the American people in every other branch of pursuit with the growing degradation into which the public life of the nation has confessedly fallen. If his observations had been as extensive under the administration of General Grant as those which he made under the administration of General Jackson, he might have seen a Richardson presiding over the finances of the land at a time when more than the genius of a Hamilton or a Neckar was required to cope with the difficulties of the financial situation entailed on the country by a long and exhausting civil war. He might have seen a Williams nominated to fill the chair of Marshall in the highest court of American justice, and that, too, after the stupendous incompetence of the nominee had been ostentatiously paraded before the eyes of the whole country in the office of Attorney-General of the United States. In the revenue service of the country—a service requiring high intelligence as well as high integrity—he might have seen a McDonald deliberately selected for preferment by the President, while knowing full well that the incumbent could scarcely write his name; and, if our French observer had waited longer in his tour of inspection, he might have seen this same illiterate official atoning for other delinquencies in the garb of a convicted felon.

But we do not need to cite examples in illustration of a fact which is as widely recognized as it is profoundly deplored by every enlightened lover of free institutions, not only in our own country, but also in foreign lands, where the mental and moral decadence of our civil rulers has come to be cited as a ground of reproach against our republican polity. The cause of liberal government never had a more earnest champion than it found in the late John Stuart Mill, and yet this admirer of free institutions, with the working of our "practical politics" clearly revealed to his scrutiny, was compelled to report that "the first minds" of the United States are "as effectually shut out from the national representation, and from public functions generally, as if they were under a formal disqualification."

We are far from intimating that the dominant party in the country is solely responsible for the humiliating outcome of our "practical politics." On the contrary, we have avowed the opinion, as made plain enough to the apprehension of all, that the causes which have led to this disgraceful decline in the character of our civil functionaries are of ancient date, and have spread their evil influence through the ranks of all parties in the nation. The times call for practical wisdom (not "practical politics"); for sagacity to perceive and skill to cure the evils of the body politic—in a word, for STATESMAN-

SHIP. The civil administration of the country needs reform and purification; the currency of the country needs to be raised to a par with specie; the civil expenditures of the country need reduction within the limits of a wise economy; the taxes of the country need to be readjusted and redistributed according to the laws of justice and of political science; the civil order of the Southern States, disturbed by a carnival of fraud in alliance with ignorance, needs to be re-established on the basis of liberty and law; the maxims of official responsibility need to be recognized in practice as well as in theory throughout all branches of the public service. These, and such as these, are the problems which to-day are set before our rulers, and their simple statement suffices not only to convict our present authorities of a criminal incompetency for these duties, but also to ascertain the calibre, character and qualifications which are to be desired in their successors.

WINSLOW AND THE EXTRADITION TREATY.

FTER all, there is now a reasonable prospect that the refusal of the British Government to deliver up, except on well-defined terms, the American fugitive Winslow, will neither tend to the abolition of existing treaties between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples, nor set either the Thames or the Potomac on fire. Courtesy has taken the place of bullying; and rash haste and impious indiscretion have been followed by caution and patient consideration. On Wednesday, the 3d, the New York press was ablaze with indignation because of the possible ending on that day, through the perfidy and self-will of John Bull, of the time-hallowed Ashburton Treaty. On the following day, when it had become known that the British Government, yielding to a request from Washington, had consented to retain Winslow in custody for ten days longer, there was a marked change in the tone of some of the more bellicose dailies. As reason and common-sense have begun to assert their authority, the presumption is that this better feeling will continue to prevail, and that this difficulty between the two Governments will be amicably ended.

At the first flush of things it did seem as if we did well to be angry. Winslow had been guilty of a series of great crimes. His extradition was believed to be in perfect harmony with the terms of the treaty existing between the two countries; and it was demanded, not only in the interests of justice and good government, but because it was regarded as a right. The objection raised by the British Government came in the light of a surprise. The surprise was followed by indignation when it became known that the refusal to deliver up the prisoner was based upon a piece of special legislation of which we had no knowledge, and which, it seemed, was in direct violation of the principles of the so-called Ashburton Treaty. The question was naturally put, Why should Great Britain legislate in violation of the treaty without giving the United States Government notice of the fact? And notwithstanding the change of feeling for the better, this question remains practically unanswered. There can be no question that it is the duty of all Governments, when national legislation in any way affects existing treaties with foreign countries, to give those countries prompt and timely notice of the change. Neglect of this plain duty ought to entail its responsibilities. Governments ought not, any more than individuals, to be exempt from the consequences of their own acts.

This objection, however, is of the less consequence in the present instance, that we ourselves are in the same condemnation. Abstractly no one can object to the principle laid down by the British Government, that an extradited prisoner ought not to be tried for any other offense than that for which he was given up. The principle is so sound, so replete with wisdom and common sense, that an extradition treaty which ignores it ought to be regarded only as a huge piece of deception. It is not wonderful that we should be wiser than we seem, and that the principle of which we have so loudly complained in the laws of England should actually form a part of our own code. The position taken by the British Government in the Winslow case is squarely on an Act of Congress passed as far back as 1848. It will be found in the Revised Statutes, in Section 5,272, and reads as follows:

"It shall be lawful for the Secretary of State, under his hand and seal of office, to order the person so committed to be delivered to such person as shall be authorized in the name and on behalf of such Foreign Government, to be tried for the crime of which such person shall be accused, and such person shall be delivered up accordingly."

In the face of this fact, it is simply absurd for us to attempt to force our will on the British Government. The best thing we can do in the premises is to have the treaty amended, so as to cover the point of difficulty. The British Government is not unwilling to surrender Winslow if a pledge

be given that he will be tried for no other crime than that of forgery. We are told that the State laws stand in the way of the Federal Government giving any such pledges, and we know that the statement is true. But this only shows the weakness of our system. It is not possible for every separate State to have separate treaties with foreign Governments. The treaty-making power belongs exclusively to the Federal Government; and if the so-called rights of States stand in the way of the Federal Government in matters of such grave importance, some special legislation on the subject is necessary. It is here where the real difficulty is; and it is to the removal of this difficulty that the American people and American legislators particularly must direct their attention and their energies. In the meantime it is to be hoped that in this Centennial Year nothing will occur to distract the treaty arrangements, or to mar the friendly relations of the two great English-speaking peoples.

SUMMER FLITTING.

A FLOCK of robins alighted a day or two ago in one of the green oases that lie between the City Hall and Broadway, and at once drew to themselves the admiration of a throng of spectators. The brown-breasted strangers were on their Summer flitting from the savannas of the South to the orchards and clover patches of the North. How they happened to make brief pause amid the bricks and mortar of this city of a million busy men is a mystery. In years gone by, when the population numbered its thousands by the score, they were regular visitors, and built their nests in peace anywhere between the Battery and Kingsbridge. Even as late as twenty-five years ago they came in company with the oriole, the blue-jay and the yellow-bird, and staid the Summer through, in spite of frequent showers of stones from the hands of the omnipresent small boy. But as the city stretched its limits far up-town, and began to grow ambitious of numbering a million souls in its Directory, the robins and the orioles lost their taste for its vicinity. The English sparrows came, and the American birds bade a last farewell to their old haunts. Only once in a while, in the first flush of Spring, do they rest for a day under the shelter of one of the elms their forefathers used to know and love, that they may give warning to the busy Gothamites that bird and blossom are here, and that the time for Summer flitting has come.

There are other signs of migration also in the air. Hotels at the seaside and the springs proclaim the opening of their doors, and the dapper hotel clerk, of whom it may truly be said that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," emerges from his chrysalis shell and prepares to astonish the world of fashionable guests. The dressmaker terrifies her patrons by the fearful tidings that her time is all occupied, and that she could not take more work even at the price of a king's ransom. At this time, also, the father of the family is wont to find his personal comfort especially attended to, and if he marvel at it, the matter ceases to be a mystery when the bills of his wife and daughter for the campaign are sent in. When these signs begin to thicken, then the family council is gathered to determine whether the household shall migrate, that they may escape the heat and burden of the dog-days. Visions of pleasant hours amid the green fields and under the shadow of the purple mountains they knew in childhood haunt the brain of the old people. Their idea of a Summer exodus is to obtain rest, and if possible, to bring back some of the strength and glory of their youth. Not so is it with the younger members of the household. They vote life in a farmhouse a terrible bore, for their mercurial spirits soon tire of the unchanging shadows of the mountains and the slow march of seed-time and harvest. Their plan of a Summer flitting is too apt to carry with it the same fashionable notions that pervade their life at home. The milliner is of more account than the lilies of the field, and the tailor is a more beneficent institution than the most stalwart oak of the forest. At the fashionable hotel by the side of the sea, or near some spring, famed for medicinal virtues, our city folk prefer to pass the major part of their vacation, even though they have to mingle with the same people whose faces they weary of seeing on the Avenue, and are served with the same dishes that become fearfully monotonous at home. Perhaps it is just as well, however, that tastes differ on these points, for if all our Summer birds of fashion cared only for wild violets, babbling brooks and the forest primeval, it would make bad work for landlords and enterprise would languish. Better is it that money should go in a hundred different directions, to be spent here and there, and come back from as many points to bear fruit in our marts.

What is to become of those who are left behind? For a large part of our city population there is no Summer flitting. They go

without a holiday, except when idleness is enforced by lack of business, or they snatch an odd day now and then, as their cases will admit. The life from hand to mouth is such a hard struggle in many cases that they never can amass money enough to take them further than the suburbs of the city, or release them for as much as a week from their respective treadmills. Yet they manage to endure the heats of July, and even with some degree of enjoyment. They have learned that the breeze blows fresh and sweet across the Battery at the close of a hot August day, and that the grass in Central Park is diamonded with dew in the early September mornings. Even the monthly rose in the attic window, and the stunted horse-chestnut tree in the dingy back yard, do not unfold leaf and blossom in vain for them. These close students of the minute in nature make for themselves an ample field of study and enjoyment, while others who have a whole Summer for rest and amusement find nothing in earth, air or ocean to add to their intellectual stores. Which is the one to be envied in this case? Happy are those who can coin something more than mere recreation from their Summer flitting, and can add health and wealth to mind as well as body. They will be envied by the martyred army of stay-at-homes, and deservedly. As for the rest, our city will scarcely miss them. The marching and countermarching of the throngs of Centennial visitors will densely populate the streets of New York until the dog-days are ended, and our migratory birds of Summer reappear.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK
ENDING MARCH 6, 1876.

Monday.....	112½ @ 112¾	Thursday...	112½ @ 112¾
Tuesday.....	112½ @ 113	Friday....	112½ @ 112¾
Wednesday....	112½	Saturday....	112½ @ 112¾

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SILVER CURRENCY.—Mr. New, the United States Treasurer, proposes that silver shall be issued for legal-tender notes, and then held for the redemption of fractional currency as it comes in. This suggestion differs from the Bonanza proposition in that the latter would issue silver for fractional notes up to \$50,000,000, and as much more as legal-tender notes could be obtained for. A Bill to effect this object has been introduced, and is likely to pass. Mr. Boutwell proposes to reissue fractional notes. Senator Jones, it is said, has twenty men preparing a speech for him on the subject. In his last speech he expressed the opinion that the Comstock Lode miners were near exhaustion; this produced a panic in San Francisco, which was checked by the counter-statement of Mr. Flood, of the firm of Flood & O'Brien, at present the largest owners of mines on the Comstock Lode, that the mines "never looked better."

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.—On Tuesday, May 3d, Queen Victoria was officially proclaimed Empress of India, after the famous medieval fashion. The heralds and trumpeters went forth, and the sheriffs read the decree at the Royal Exchange, at Charing Cross, and the Town Hall, Brentford. On the following day the imperial announcement was made at Edinburgh Cross. The Scotch ceremony was most picturesque, and was conducted by the heralds, pursuivants, and the Queen's trumpeter for Scotland, Duke of Albany (His Royal Highness Duke of Edinburgh), who read the proclamation, which was responded to by the Marquis of Bute as pursuivant. Thousands of the Scotch nobility attended, with their suites and equipages. The gorgeous uniforms of the military and rich attire of the ladies united in forming one of the most interesting spectacles. The heralds wore the regular insignia of their office, and the pursuivants carried the mace and other emblems of ancient authority.

A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.—Twenty thousand charges of a most powerful explosive, stored in the magazine on the crest of Bergen Hill, N. J., a few yards south of the end of the new railroad tunnel, were mysteriously discharged shortly before eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, May 6th. The detonation was heard and the concussion felt at a distance of twenty miles. Considerable damage was done to property, not only in Hoboken, Jersey City, and on the Heights, but in New York city, and yet not a single life was lost. Some weeks ago the wages of the laborers in the tunnel were reduced, and some fifty men of alleged desperate character struck, and, according to the statement of the contractor, had not only attempted to coerce him, but had actually tried to compel the other hands to cease work. Great care was constantly observed about the magazine, and it was closed as usual when the men finished their work for the day. Although many conjectures were volunteered as to the cause of the explosion, the most general one was that it had been plotted by the dissatisfied strikers.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.—Several large anti-Chinese meetings were held last week in San Francisco, at which resolutions were passed commanding the destruction of the Chinese quarters in the town of Antioch, and advocating a similar course in San Francisco, unless the Federal Government should take immediate steps to abate the evil of Chinese immigration. Highly incendiary speeches were made, and letters read from societies in the interior of the State, seeking the co-operation of the San Francisco anti-Coolie organizations. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Young Men's Universal Reform Society announced that he had received a telegram from New York saying that 2,600 stand of arms could be delivered there at ten days' notice. The United States Consul is the only representative of the United States in the Samoan Islands. There is nothing in the document regarding recent events in the islands.

in San Francisco, there can be no doubt that it meets the sanction of a large and dangerous class in the community, and that, in the event of no action being taken in the matter by the General Government, there is grave reason to fear serious disturbances there at no distant date.

PERSIAN PROGRESS.—The Shah of Persia became so impressed by the customs and progress of Europe during his late voyage, that he has resolved to make a thorough change in his system of government, and has already named a commission of twenty-five members to carry out the proposed reforms. He has introduced a new postal system, and has ordered machinery from Paris for the purpose of stamping his effigy upon the coins of his realm. But the Shah's progress in civilization has been so rapid that he has resolved to imitate his brothers, the Sultan and the Khédive, and borrow the money of the Western Infidels. In other words, he wants to issue a Persian loan in imitation of the Ottoman loan, and get the Europeans to exchange their gold for his paper promises. If this idea had happened to strike him just after his return, there is little doubt that he could have put a Persian loan upon the market with considerable success; but, unfortunately, the Sultan swept the field before him. The Shah will find it difficult just at this time, we fancy, to make much headway with his new financial scheme.

A NEW FORT.—A Boston gentleman named Wiard, it is said, is about to place his services at the disposal of China, with a view to the complete defense of the various Chinese ports, and proposing a system of fortification which has at least the merit of originality. In the centre of the channel of the harbor or river to be defended he designs to build a brick fort 300 feet high, the sides to be composed of "sand slope" from the top, reaching to the water line." The shape of this edifice will resemble a "truncated pyramid," and from the post of vantage on the top some 200 guns direct a plunging fire upon any ironclad vessel that may be so foolhardy as to attempt to steam past. It is needless to say that the fort so constructed would be impervious to rams and torpedoes, and that there are, moreover, various means by which the scaling of a "sand slope" by a body of men may be rendered impossible. The guns will be as remarkable as the fort, for they will be 25-ton cast-iron Rodmans, costing only \$7,000 apiece, but capable of piercing a greater thickness of iron plate than the 35-ton variety of the Woolwich infant. The Chinese are congratulated upon securing a combined engineer and artilleryman of such conspicuous ability.

THE NEW TITLE.—A large number of Queen Victoria's subjects in Great Britain are exceedingly dissatisfied with the ambiguity of the Royal Titles Bill. It is asserted that the Queen's proclamation giving effect to the Act does not limit the use of the title of Empress strictly to India, and they have become seriously alarmed over the possibility that Victoria may take it into her head to consolidate her possessions under the general head of an empire. That would never do. While it referred to some millions of dusky-skinned Indians, it was of small moment what title the Queen assumed in order to govern them; but, when it touched the shores of Albion, it was quite another thing. Disraeli will have anything but a pleasant time in the House of Commons to answer the attack of the Liberals, who claim that he has broken faith with them. The author of "Lothair" must be heartily tired of his "Indian Empire" by this time, and all the more if he is to encounter the double fire of the Queen upon one side and the British people upon the other.

IMPORTANT POINTS.—The United States Supreme Court, which adjourned from May 8th until October, reserved for decision next term two life insurance cases from Mississippi, involving the important question whether the legal representatives of persons who died a natural death or were killed in the Southern Confederacy during the war of the rebellion, are not entitled, upon payment of arrears of premiums, to demand the amounts insured, upon the ground that the ordinary obligation of prompt payment of premiums was absolved by the state of non-intercourse during the war. In the event of an affirmative decision, it is understood that thousands of such claims will be presented, to an aggregate amount so large as to seriously embarrass, or possibly cripple, many life insurance companies. At the last term of the Supreme Court two precisely similar cases were argued, but the court was then equally divided, standing four against four. These cases were, moreover, decided in two different ways by the lower courts from which they respectively came, and the decision of the pending question by the full Supreme Court will therefore be awaited with interest.

STEINBERGER.—The House of Representatives has received from the Secretary of State a response to the resolution of that body inquiring into the extent and character of the power conferred by the United States upon A. B. Steinberger as special agent or commissioner to the Samoan or Navigators' Islands. The documents are voluminous, and show that Colonel Steinberger first went to the Samoan Islands in 1873, in the capacity of special agent of the United States Government, to make observations and report upon the character and condition of the islands and their inhabitants. After some months spent on the islands, he returned to this country and made his report. In December, 1874, he was directed to proceed to the islands again, in the capacity of special agent, for the purpose of presenting a letter from the President and a number of presents from this Government to the Taimus of Samoa. He fulfilled his mission, made his report, and tendered his resignation as special agent, which was accepted. His visit on neither occasion had any diplomatic or political significance, and he was not authorized or employed by the United States to form a government in Samoa, or to pledge the United States to sustain in any way, directly or indirectly, any government that he might assist in forming. The United States Consul is the only representative of the United States in the Samoan Islands. There is nothing in the document regarding recent events in the islands.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.—Several large anti-Chinese meetings were held last week in San Francisco, at which resolutions were passed commanding the destruction of the Chinese quarters in the town of Antioch, and advocating a similar course in San Francisco, unless the Federal Government should take immediate steps to abate the evil of Chinese immigration. Highly incendiary speeches were made, and letters read from societies in the interior of the State, seeking the co-operation of the San Francisco anti-Coolie organizations. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Young Men's Universal Reform Society announced that he had received a telegram from New York saying that 2,600 stand of arms could be delivered there at ten days' notice. The United States Consul is the only representative of the United States in the Samoan Islands. There is nothing in the document regarding recent events in the islands.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Emma Mine investigation closed, May 4th. The reduction of the Public Debt in April was \$2,781,181.

THE M. E. Conference at Baltimore opposed the Indian Transfer Bill.

NEW YORK State Legislature adjourned at noon, May 3d.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, the opera composer, arrived in New York from France.

GOVERNOR INGERSOLL, of Connecticut, was inaugurated at Hartford, May 3d.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR declared himself in favor of Governor Tilden for President.

URGENT efforts made to secure President Grant's pardon for McKee, the St. Louis whisky convict.

SEVERAL Citizens' organizations in San Francisco urged the forcible expulsion of the Chinese.

May-day was less marked in New York city by families changing their residence than in former years.

THE Methodist Conference at Baltimore approved the closing of the Philadelphia Exposition on Sunday.

THE heaviest tornado ever known in Kansas occurred, May 6th, at Leavenworth, after a sixty hours' heavy rain.

PESACH N. BUBENSTEIN, under sentence of death for the murder of Sara Alexander, died of debility in a cell in the Brooklyn Jail, May 9th.

THE Internal Revenue Department resumed the issue of stamps on railroads, steamboats, and other vessels engaged in carrying passengers.

THE Liberal Republican National Committee met in New York, May 8th, and called a National Convention to meet in Philadelphia, July 26th.

THE Cabinet decided to abrogate the extradition clause of the Ashburton treaty with England, on account of the latter's action in the Winslow case.

SPEAKER KERR has applied for a short leave of absence from the House of Representatives, with the intention of resigning his seat if his health does not improve in the interval.

THE new Republican Reform Club adopted a platform demanding specific resumption, a non-partisan civil service, retrenchment in expenditures, and a true statesman for President.

AT the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce, in New York, speeches were made by Attorney-General Pierrepont, Governor Tilden, ex-Governor Dix, Dr. John Hall, and others.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue decided that salaries of professors, payable out of the State Treasury, were not liable to an income-tax upon so much of their incomes as was derived from such salary.

A MAGAZINE containing nitro-glycerine cartridges for blasting the Bergen Tunnel, near Hoboken, N. J., exploded, May 6th, killing one man, wounding a number, and shattering window-glasses over an area of several miles.

DOM PEDRO arrived in Washington, May 7th. He devoted the day, after attending church, to inspecting the Capitol, and on Monday he attended the sessions of both Houses of Congress, and in the afternoon paid his respects to President Grant and family at the White House.

Foreign.

POLITICAL disturbances in Mexico continued to prevail.

TWENTY-SIX American artists contributed paintings to the exhibition in Paris.

GREAT destitution prevailed in Labrador owing to the failure of the seal-fishery.

CONSIDERABLE disturbance in India occasioned by raids over the Punjab frontier.

THE Austrian Government refused to give aid for the future to Herzegovinian refugees.

IN Hayti, Ex-President Dominique having died, General Canal was appointed in his place.

THREE THOUSAND ironworkers, of Sheffield, who were on strike, resumed work at reduced wages.

THE French and German Consuls at Salónica, Greece, killed in a riot between Christians and Turks.

AT the request of the American Government England decided, May 3d, to detain Winslow ten days longer.

THE Spanish Congress rejected an amendment to the Constitution restricting the privilege of religious worship.

THE King of Dahomey notified that the payment of the fine levied by England would be enforced by arms.

TWELVE HUNDRED Spanish officers who deserted to join Don Carlos have been reinstated in the army without loss of rank.

THE Court of Appeals in Egypt decided that the Khédive's private estate is subject to execution for his personal debts.

STEINBERGER taken prisoner to Fiji, whence he repaired to New Zealand to denounce Captain Stevens, of the British ship *Barracouta*.

SIR HENRY JAMES announced in the British House of Commons that he should move a vote of censure on the Ministry because of the Royal Titles proclamation.

AN earthquake occurred at Sydney, Australia, on March 20th. In several parts of South Australia it was very severe, some buildings having been considerably damaged.

THE French Government was urged to withhold the \$20,000 voted to send workmen to the Centennial, on the ground that it would be expended for political purposes.

KING ALFONSO assured the Pope that Spain is Catholic, and, consequently, Catholics need apprehend nothing from the application of the clause in the new Constitution upon religious liberty.

M. LOWE, in the British House of Commons made a full apology for the statement in his speech at a Liberal meeting at Ratford, that the Queen asked two previous Premiers to introduce a Bill changing the royal titles.

IN the Prussian Chamber of Deputies the Rail-way Bill passed its third reading. To the Bill were appended resolutions asking the Government, simultaneously with the cession of the Prussian railways, to transfer to the Empire all Prussia's rights of supervision over them.

IN the British House of Commons Mr. Disraeli denounced as calumnious the statement that the Queen had asked two previous Premiers to introduce a Bill changing the Royal titles, but both had refused. He denied the statement as far as it concerned himself and the late Earl of Derby, and cited a letter from Mr. Gladstone, denying that the Queen ever made such a proposal to him.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 175.



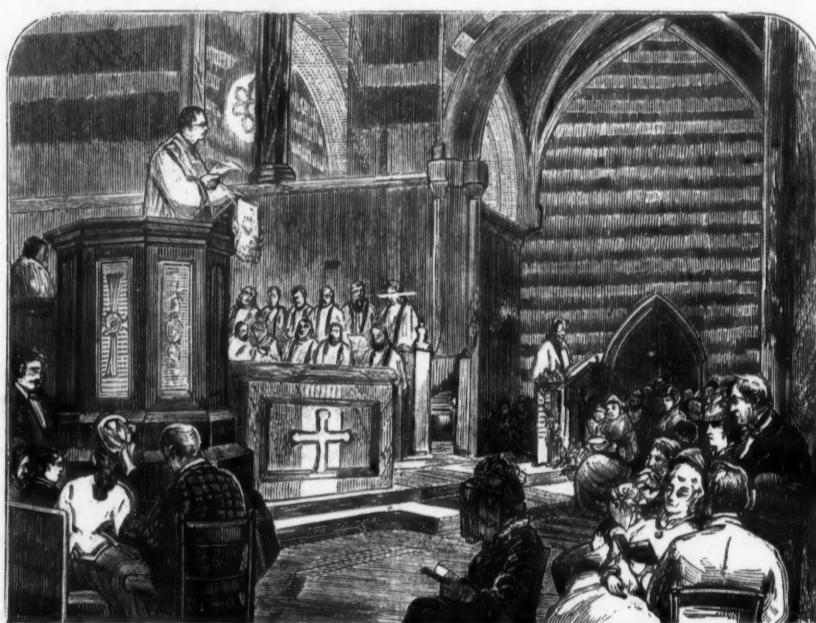
ITALY.—THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, IN THE VIA NATIONALE, ROME, DEDICATED MARCH 25TH.



THE WAR, IN HERZEGOVINA.—HEADQUARTERS OF THE INSURGENTS AT THE VILLAGE OF GATSKO.



FRANCE.—EXPERIMENTS AT TOULON WITH APPLIANCES FOR SUPPLYING FRESH AIR FOR BREATHING.



ITALY.—DEDICATION BY BISHOP LITTLEJOHN OF THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF ST. PAUL, IN ROME, MARCH 25TH.



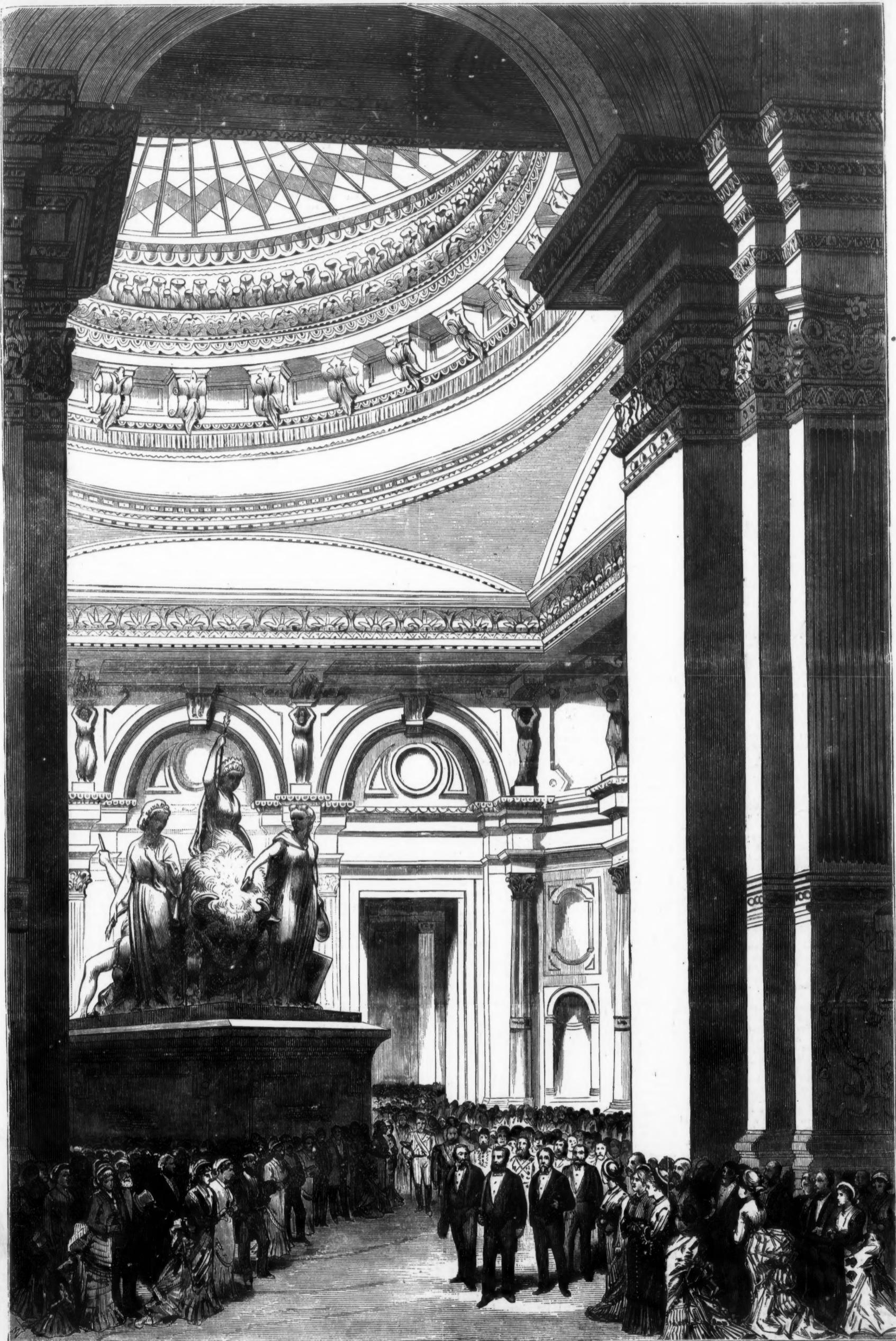
THE WAR IN HERZEGOVINA.—A CONVOY OF INSURGENTS CROSSING THE DRINA RIVER.



FRANCE.—ADMINISTERING THE RITE OF BAPTISM IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH, RUE DE LILLE, PARIS.



AFRICA.—THE CAMERON EXPEDITION CROSSING THE LUWATI RIVER.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, MAY 10TH, BY PRESIDENT GRANT—SCENE IN THE ROTUNDA OF MEMORIAL HALL.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 170.

L'ALMEE.

BY
ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

HER beautiful feet at rest,
A gleam from the open vest,
Of a panting dusky breast,
Lips sweet as the roses are.

Grim faces flushed and red,
Dark faces all arow,
Gold-fretted ceilings overhead,
Arches to springing arches wed,
Slight pillars white as snow.

A blue smoke in the air,
A scent of orange boughs,
Sweet silence everywhere,
The gleam of her bright hair,
Above her mystic brows.

Lithe limbs that sway and lean,
With flesh from arms and throat,
Soft limbs that shine between
The gem-set guaze's sheen
Like water-flowers that float.

Foretaste of Paradise,
To eyes that watch her so.
That place where true believers' eyes
Shall feast on shapes made in this wise,
Through years that come and go.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD OF BENEDEK," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—MISS CAREW.

ONE wild, wet night towards the middle of the present century, a woman of birth and breeding—yea, a daughter of the landed gentry—lay dying in a remote district of beautiful, picturesque Kent.

The spot in which this event was taking place was big, gray, many-gabled mansion, standing in the midst of its own plantations, and known throughout the county as Hazel Hall. Green lawns stretched before it, a splendid growth of timber—oak and Spanish chestnut—was inclosed in its park railings. It was rich in walled gardens and laurel walks, stone terraces, and ornamental water, and it stood just one mile, as the crow flies, from the stone church-tower of Hazelcroft—the adjacent town of which had borrowed its name from the stately Hall.

Behind an old mullioned window, on the night of which I write, a lamp was burning in an upper room of the house. This was the chamber of Miss Hazelwood, the dying gentlewoman. In one corner stood a four-posted bed, with figured damask curtains, looped back. There lay the mistress of the Hall, sleeping, apparently, her bloodless face turned from the light, her harsh features pinched and drawn, wisps of hair, once fire-red, but now faded out to ashen gray, straggling from under her fine lace cap. In an easy-chair at the foot of the bed dozed the nurse, and in the mullioned window a girl was sitting, with locked hands, and a rigid, colorless face, staring out into the night.

She was dressed like an upper servant, in plain gray serge. She was young, she was handsome, but not after the ordinary type of English beauty. Her white face had not so much as a hint of bloom. Her hair and eyes were as black as an Eastern sultane's—beautiful hair, rolled in great cable-coils—beautiful eyes, with tiger-gleams lurking in their corners. She had something, too, of the seductive air and languor of the East. Here was a face for men to love and women to fear; with its fiery red mouth and darkly dangerous eyes, it was sure to work woe enough for its owner in this world.

A fire burned in the deep chimney of the room—its light wavered over the stiff, claw-footed furniture, the great four-posted bed, and leant to the girl in the window a strange, ghostly look. Why did she sit there so rigid and motionless? Of what was she thinking, as she gazed so fixedly into that black night? Suddenly a clock on the mantel struck eight. The silver chimes aroused the nurse. She yawned and glanced across to the window.

"Miss Carew!"

The motionless figure started, and turned.

"If you don't mind being left alone with her, I'll go and get my tea," said the nurse; "the doctor will not be here again till nine o'clock."

"Go," answered Miss Carew; "certainly I do not mind."

The nurse leaned over the pillow long enough to satisfy herself that Miss Hazelwood still slept, then she went out on tiptoe, closing the door after her.

And Ruth Carew? She listened to the receding step till it died away in silence, then she arose noiselessly from the window, and glided across the chamber to Miss Hazelwood's bedside.

The sick woman still lay with her face turned to the wall. The outlines of her angular figure were sharply defined through the thin coverlet; her bony hands looked like lumps of lead. Miss Carew gazed down on her for a moment—listened for a moment to her faint, irregular breath. Then she called in a steady, determined voice, "Miss Hazelwood!"

The sleeper stirred and opened her hollow eyes. "Are you conscious?" said Ruth Carew; "do you know me?"

Miss Hazelwood moved her leaden hands back and forth upon the counterpane.

"Certainly I know you," she answered, feebly; "what are you doing here—I don't like to have you in my room. You know nothing about sickness—where is nurse?"

"Down-stairs, taking her tea," answered Ruth Carew. "You are going fast, Miss Hazelwood—the doctor says you can't last the night out."

"What is that to you?" said Miss Hazelwood, resentfully.

"A great deal. People on their deathbeds sometimes repent—indeed, it is the last chance left them. Have you repented? Oh, merciful God! I must ask you—I cannot bear this suspense longer!"

Miss Hazelwood stared at the girl, and, weak as she was, her hollow eyes fired angrily.

"You are an insolent creature!" she cried. "I wonder how I have borne with you so long—I ought to have turned you out of my doors long ago. What have I to repent of? But you need not speak. I understand. You are thinking of my nephew Cyril."

She stood in the shadow of the damask bed-curtains, drawing her breath in a hard, hurried way—this Ruth Carew—Miss Hazelwood's paid companion. She did not look insolent—only anxious, madly, breathlessly anxious.

"Can you remember," she said, leaning over the bed that not a word might escape the sick old gentlewoman, "how you parted us, robbed us of happiness, of each other, of hope itself almost—how you drove him from England—how you have kept him in exile these five long years, earning his bread like a peasant at the plow, and then ask me what you have done to repent of?"

Anger lent Miss Hazelwood strength.

"So you love him still?" she said, with a weak sneer. "The old folly dies hard, eh? Did I drive him from England? No, simpleton—his debts and his vices did that. Did I keep you from happiness with him? Who are you, that dares aspire to happiness with a Hazelwood? When I picked you out of the London gutter, it was not, you may be sure, to marry you to my nephew."

A tremendous blast of wind and rain struck the house, and rocked it to its foundation. Miss Carew drew a step back from the bed, trembling visibly.

"Your will is made, Miss Hazelwood," she said, in a low voice; "that I knew weeks ago; but how have you made it? Is Cyril's punishment over? Five years of exile and poverty ought to satisfy even you. Have you made him your heir? Have you called him back to England—have you left him the Hazelwood lands and money? Tell me, for I will know!"

Miss Hazelwood motioned with one hand to a table beside the bed. In obedience to the gesture, Ruth Carew poured a cordial into a glass, and held it to her lips. Mad with impatience as the girl was, she had to restrain herself till the other was ready to speak.

"You are in a great hurry to learn the contents of my will," she said at last. "Most people would be content to wait till my death. But I don't mind gratifying your curiosity, Miss Carew; it is all very natural under the circumstances. Well, then, I have left to my nephew, Cyril Hazelwood, one shilling and sixpence, and that is all he will ever receive of the Hazelwood lands and the Hazelwood money. I have left to you—for, in spite of the trouble you have given me through Cyril, I have found you a very useful person—the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds."

Ruth Carew's face grew whiter than the pillow she was clutching. She had not expected this—no, nothing half so bad as this. In a blind way she had trusted to time and separation to soften the difference betwixt aunt and nephew. She had, alas! utterly mistaken Miss Hazelwood's uncompromising nature. For a moment the chamber grew dark, the mad storm outside died away in her ears—even the face on the bed faded. Cyril Hazelwood disinherited and a beggar! Then what was to become of her, and her hopes of the future?

"I will not believe it!" she gasped. "He is your nearest of kin—he is the last of your race. You could not—you would not leave Hazel Hall to any other than a Hazelwood. Hard and unfor-giving as you are, you cannot have done this thing!"

"There is another Hazelwood besides Cyril," answered the old woman, deliberately; "a cousin, far removed, but still one of the old stock. My London lawyer has been at great pains to find him—an adventurous person, I understand, bushwhacking somewhere in the wilds of Australia. I never saw him in my life, but that doesn't signify. I know nothing about him—I wish to know nothing. His name is Guy Hazelwood, and he is the man, Miss Carew, who, outside of the legacies I have already mentioned, will have every foot of ground and every farthing of money I possess in the world."

There was a pause. The rain lashed the windows, the black night fell. Ruth Carew stood like an image of despair.

"A stranger!" she muttered. "You have left it to a stranger—cheated Cyril to enrich some one you never knew—doomed him to lifelong exile, perhaps, all because you feared he might come back to England, and marry me after your death!"

"That is true enough," said Miss Hazelwood, feebly; "it is best to put temptation altogether out of the way of a person like Cyril. He has not a chance of meeting you now for a score of years at least. He will stay in America because he must, and, all things considered, it is the best place for him. As for you, Ruth Carew, you are wasting your youth in vain. Cyril is by nature a fickle fellow, and, mark my words, I have nothing more to fear from you. You will never—do you hear?—never be his wife!"

There was a strange, prophetic tone in her voice—a something which struck a deadly chill to the heart of her listener. Ruth Carew fell on her knees beside the bed, wringing her white, ringless hands.

"Have mercy!" she groaned. "If your heart was not stone itself, you would pity him—you would pity me. But what does a woman like you know of love? Alter that cruel will; it is not too late to send to Hazelcroft for a lawyer. Give him some portion, at least, of that which ought to be his. I love him well enough to die for him, or, what is worse, live without him. I will swear to fly from this place; I will swear never to marry him, never to see him again, if you will give him his rights—if you will leave the Hall to him, and not to the Australian."

Miss Hazelwood turned her weak head irritably.

"I will alter nothing! It is too late. I would not trust you out of my sight, Ruth Carew. All the oaths in the world could not bind you, once you looked in Cyril Hazelwood's eyes."

"Have mercy—have mercy!" still sobbed the kneeling girl.

"And even if I believed you, it would make no

difference. Five years ago I told him I would cut him off with a shilling, and he shall see I am a woman of my word. My will is signed and sealed—it shall not be changed. It is the Australian bushwhacker—it is Guy Hazelwood, and not Cyril, who shall be master here!"

Ruth Carew's black eyes blazed like lightning. She leaped to her feet, and the anger which she had held like a bound in leash now burst control. She seized Miss Hazelwood in her strong young arms and shook her fiercely, frantically.

"You Jezebel!" she hissed, "this is the way in which you punish him for loving me!—this is your revenge upon us both! As Heaven hears me, I will bairn you in your grave! I will be his wife—I will bear the Hazelwood name in spite of you—I will be happy with him yet when you are ashes and dust. Let that other Hazelwood rule here. From the moment his foot crosses this threshold I will be his sleepless, his deadly enemy. I will show no more mercy to him or his than you have shown to me. How dared you wrong Cyril for him? I curse you for it—dying or dead, I curse you!"

She shook her with all her angry might—yes, till her breath was spent and her arms exhausted. No syllable, no sound came from Miss Hazelwood's lips. As Ruth Carew in spent wrath flung her back on her pillow, her lean jaw dropped and hung motionless, her hollow eyes stared blankly out at the gray wall. She lay without sound or motion—a horrible, gaunt, ghastly thing, stretched out in one long, rigid line.

Ruth Carew looked at her, and all her hot blood grew suddenly cold. She bent down and touched her face—she laid one shaking hand upon her heart. Merciful God! what had she done? She shrunk back from the bed in sudden, wild fear—she could hardly repress a scream that rose to her lips. What had she done? Then she heard the nurse's step on the bare oaken stain without. The instinct of self-preservation, which is called the first law of nature, rushed to Miss Carew's aid. She spread the coverlet swiftly over Miss Hazelwood, and turned her stony face to the wall—then crossed the chamber, and opening the door, stood on its threshold with a shocked, sorrowful face.

The nurse was toiling slowly up the stair, fresh from a comfortable cup of tea in the housekeeper's room. She looked up, and seeing the figure standing tall and white in the open door, gave an involuntary start.

"Dear me! what is it, Miss Carew?"

"Come quickly!" the girl answered, in a steady voice. "Miss Hazelwood is dead!"

The nurse hurried across the landing into the solemn, silent chamber.

Is it possible? Why, I thought she would last till midnight, at least. Well, well, it's the common lot. I've seen a deal of death in my day. How queer she looks—how frightened like, as if took by surprise at the last, eh? Did she say anything?"

"Not a word!" answered Miss Carew.

"Nor move?"

"No."

"I might have known that without asking, for she lay like this when I went out. Did she make any sign?"

"None," said Miss Carew. "I rose up to look at her, and found her dead."

CHAPTER II.—ALL FOR LOVE.

YES, she was dead—Miss Hazelwood, of Hazel Hall, proud old gentlewoman, with the stiff will and the long purse and pedigree. Gone to her last account, and nobody was surprised at her sudden exit, nobody doubted in any particular Ruth Carew's story, and nobody was sorry.

"As for Miss Carew," said the nurse, "she is just worn out with watching, and waiting on the whims of that dead creature. A handsome girl, and as faithful and good as ever I saw. Quite broken-hearted, too, though everybody knows Miss Hazelwood cheated her out of a husband once—her own nephew, as I've heard, which shows she bears no malice."

What the nurse said the household below-stairs repeated, for Miss Carew was a great favorite in the servants' hall. Very pale—yea, ghastly pale, she went out from the chamber of death, from the stern, accusing presence of Miss Hazelwood, and crossed the long corridor to her own room.

Some one had lighted her candle—they shone cheerily over the chintz-covered furniture and warm red carpet. A little Swiss clock on a bracket was pointing to ten. Ruth Carew locked the door, groped blindly to the nearest chair, fell into it, and covered her face with her hands.

"Cyril!" she groaned, from the depths of her full heart. "Oh, my poor love! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

Not a care for what she had done. At the most Miss Hazelwood could have lived but a few hours longer. She ground her white teeth as she thought of her.

"Oh, Cyril, my own, own love, I have ruined you! You are beggared, and all because of me. What shall I do?—what recompense can I make you? My lover, my lover, where are you tonight?"

She sat with her hands locked around her knees, and her colorless face bent forward, and thought it all over.

First, there was her pitiful childhood, passed with a spendthrift Bohemian father, in a mean London lodging, with starvation staring them constantly in the face. There were the cards and dice and vagabond associates, with whom wild John Carew was wont to beguile his time. There were the odd weeks spent in foreign cities, sometimes at Brussels, sometimes at German watering-places, but always where play abounded. She recalled their wandering, penurious life together, their few joys, their many shameful miseries.

"You will grow up a deucedly handsome woman, Ruthie," her father used to say to her in those vagabond days. "If you play your cards right, there's no reason why you shouldn't make a good marriage, even though you are John Carew's daughter."

She had loved the reckless old reprobate with her whole heart, poor child! He was all she had

in the wide world. A man of more than ordinary acquirements, he had educated her after his own fashion. At ten she could sing and play and dance like a bit of thistledown. French and German she mastered at the gambling-places they haunted. John Carew was proud of her beauty and her quick wits—fond of her, too, in his own careless way. Sitting there in that pretty chintz chamber, with the storm roaring outside, she went over every scene in their weary lives, to the night when he was brought to his dismal lodgings, and laid upon his bed, shot through the heart by a boor companion, in a quarrel over cards.

Then followed the dreadful years when, lost in the great world of London, she sought to earn honest bread; then the day, big with fate, when a mere chance threw in her way Miss Hazelwood's advertisement for a lady companion of refinement and education. In spite of her antecedents, Ruth Carew had both of these requirements. She had also courage and daring. It was at the beginning of the London season, and Miss Hazelwood, like all the rest of the world, had come up to town. John Carew's handsome daughter, in threadbare alpaca and an old-fashioned bonnet, went boldly to Miss Hazelwood's house in Belgravia, and applied for the situation of companion to the old pompous gentlewoman of Kent. It was a most impudent thing to do, but impudence in the present day is winning quality, and Miss Carew received her reward. The rich Kentish spinster evinced a decided fancy for her at sight. She heard her story, and was not particularly shocked.

"If you were an evil person," she said, dryly, "you would not be so candid. I think I will try you."

A week after, the two went down to Hazel Hall together—Miss Hazelwood serene and satisfied, Ruth Carew pledged to the worse than Eastern slavery of dancing constant attendance on a querulous old woman, running at the call of her countless whims and fancies, amusing her, bearing in silence her outrageous tempers—all for a salary of twenty pounds per year!

It was all well enough for the first six months. Ruth Carew never complained of the dull hall or of Miss Hazelwood's nagging. After all, this time was the best and happiest she had ever known. But alas! and alas! one fatal day Captain Cyril Hazelwood came posting home from Dublin—a dashing dragoon, i.e., with no earthly possessions worth mentioning apart from his debts and his handsome face.

Down to Hazel Hall he hastened to pay his respects to the aunt whose hen he hoped to be; and there, in a green laurel wreath, in the purple gloom of a Summer twilight, he met that aunt's paid companion, beautiful Ruth Carew, and sealed his own fate by falling hopelessly, desperately in love with her at sight.

"I am as poor as any number of church-mice," said Captain Hazelwood, airily. "I am in the hands of the Jews, and unless my aunt sees fit to loosen her purse-strings, I may be obliged to sell out and fly the country. But I love you, Ruthie—yes, with all my heart, you beautiful darling! And having said this much, I must say more, though under present circumstances I have not the smallest right to think of matrimony. I love you, and I ask you to be my wife."

Ruth Carew was eighteen, but wiser than most of her sex at that age. She knew the world—knew just how Miss Hazelwood would be likely to regard her nephew's choice. But the girl was madly in love, and she slipped her slim hand recklessly into Captain Cyril's. Little she cared for his poverty or Miss Hazelwood's wealth. Heaven had opened before her eyes; all other considerations were swept away. She was ready to go with him to any fate.

"You love me?" she murmured, hiding her splendid face against his coatsleeve. "How strange! How glorious!"

"Not at all strange," answered Captain Cyril. "I should be an ass, a dolt, a stick, a stone, if I could see you as I do, day by day, and not love you. As for the rest of it, I'm afraid, my darling, I am simply getting you into an awful

London scene! A fine match truly for a Hazelwood! Either you will marry Miss Dane, and drop this folly and your fast courses altogether, or I will cut you off with a shilling."

"I will never marry Miss Dane, so help me heaven!" cried the irate dragoon; "and I will never cease to love Ruth Carew."

"Then from this hour you are no nephew of mine!" retorted Miss Hazelwood; "from this hour, sirrah, I do not know you."

Such was the end of the lovers' happy dream. There was nothing left for them to do but weep and part.

"I shall sell out," said Captain Hazelwood, and leave England—in fact, I must, darling. I shall go to New York and make my fortune, and then return and marry you, in spite of this amiable relative of mine. It will not be a very long task, I fancy. In America people grow rich in an incredibly short time. So, dry your eyes, love, and wait for me patiently."

Yea, that was what he said, for he was of a remarkably easy, sanguine temperament, this Cyril Hazelwood, and then they parted. Ruth Carew, sitting there in the chintz chamber, writhed as she remembered that parting. She felt again upon her stricken face his tears and kisses; again his hands clasped hers; again he entreated her to be brave and love him, and then Cyril Hazelwood went to London, sold his commission, and sailed for New York, and she was left alone at Hazel Hall with Miss Hazelwood.

The enraged old woman did not turn her into the street, as one might have thought she would do. No, Ruth Carew was useful to her, and with Cyril Hazelwood in America, there was no reason why she should not be retained.

"I have no further fear of her," Miss Hazelwood was wont to sneer, "because I have no more nephews;" and so, with a little additional acrimony on the old woman's part, the even tenor of their lives went on as before.

No, not as before; that could not be. Ruth Carew communicated freely with her absent lover, though this fact was not known to Miss Hazelwood. In such mad impatience as only natures like hers can feel, she waited for him to conquer fortune, and return to her.

Year after year went by. He was still in America, still poor, still but an unknown shipping-clerk, and the hour of their reunion seemed as far away as ever. And now Miss Hazelwood was dead, and the fortune which should have been his—which would have recalled him to England, to her—had passed to a stranger—passed irrecoverably beyond Cyril Hazelwood's reach! The thought of all this to Ruth Carew as she sat there, with the clocks striking midnight around her, and that woman lying silent and cold across the long corridor, was like the very bitterness of death.

She arose, at last, and began to walk the room, back and forth, in a dreary, mechanical way. Before a writing-table in a corner she stopped, unlocked a drawer, and took out a package of letters and a card-photograph of Cyril Hazelwood. Long and earnestly she gazed at the picture. It represented a pair of broad, symmetrical shoulders, and a decidedly handsome face, with the red curling hair of the Hazelwoods; blue, insincere eyes, and a beautifully curved mouth, the weak lines of which were hidden by the long red-gold mustaches. Ruth Carew kissed the bit of card again and again. "My darling!" she murmured; "my own darling!"

Then she opened his letters. They were not many in number, considering the length of time he had been absent. The last one bore a date of more than two months previous. She drew it out of its envelope and read it over greedily. Word for word, this is how it ran:

"SEAVIEW, MASSACHUSETTS, June 2d.

"MY DARLING RUTHY—Do you ask what place this is? A Yankee paradise, famous for codfish, clam-bakes, and sea-winds. I had a nasty attack of typhoid a few weeks ago, and came here, by order of a Yankee physician, to recruit my strength. Don't let this bit of news disturb you, for the sea-winds above-mentioned agree with me beautifully, and I am fast growing brown and hardy again. It is a beastly dull place, but there's plenty of boating and fishing, and New England people, all things considered, are not a bad lot. I board with the village parson—a fine old fellow, who can act as well as preach, and who has saved any number of lives from the briny deep in his day. He is a widower, with one daughter and a spinster sister. The latter keeps the house, and nurses me like a mother. I am sure to pull round all right again in a few days.

"Of course you want me to write of my prospects, darling. They remain unchanged. The fortune which comes to some men almost without asking still eludes me. I am afraid my hopes of the future are mainly founded now upon Aunt Hazelwood. Has she relented at all towards her absent nephew? In your last letter you say that she studiously avoids all mention of me. I don't like that—it looks bad. She must leave me the Hall, Ruthy. I deserve it, do I not, as a recompense for these five years of exile? It must either fall to me or to some charity fund. Were the red-haired Hazelwoods a less stubborn and unforgiving race, I should feel more cheerful when I think of my respected aunt. As for you, Ruthy, you will grow tired of waiting, will you not?—of wasting your beauty and youth for me? You will begin to think, as I do sometimes, that I am an unlucky dog, fit for nothing, capable of nothing.

"I dreamed last night that Aunt Hazelwood was dead. Alas! 'twas but a dream! Direct your next letter to this place, as I may remain here for some weeks to come. Ever your lover,

"CYRIL HAZELWOOD."

As a love-letter this effusion was, without doubt, a failure. It was cold—it was strangely unsatisfactory. Ruth Carew had read it scores of times in the last two months, but it jarred upon her now as never before. The next moment, however, she began to make excuses for him.

"Cyril once told me," she said to herself, "that he abhorred letter-writing; it bored him—made his head ache. Poor fellow! I suppose it does affect some people in that way. He cannot put his thoughts into words—cannot tell me in words

how faithfully he loves me. Does that matter? I know it all the same."

She swept over to a window, flung back the shutter, and looked out into the night. High and wild, the wind still roared through the tossed and groaning park. Rain dripped fitfully from the laurels. Through a rift in the black clouds overhead the glimpse of a frightened, watery moon could be seen. It was a goodly place, indeed—this Hazel Hall—none better in all the county, and Cyril Hazelwood had lost it—for ever lost it! That other Hazelwood, far away in the Australian bush, and quite unconscious of his good fortune, was now lord and master of all.

Like a statue stood Ruth Carew, staring out into the tempestuous night, and thinking her own dark thoughts. Cyril Hazelwood did deserve a recompence for his five years of exile; but, now that he was disinherited, cheated, despoiled of his birth-right, there was but one quarter from which it could come. She only, Ruth Carew, the woman he loved, and in whom he trusted, had power to recompence him. The question was, could she—dared she do it?

It was an hour big with fate for herself and for others. All night long she stood there, silent, motionless, with Cyril Hazelwood's last letter, written, remember, two whole months before—and, ah! so many things may happen in two months!—crushed in her hand. The storm died away. A few stars broke from the ragged clouds, and peered in at the gable-window curiously. The chill east began to reddish with the dawn. In the house the servants were already stirring. Ruth Carew started, and drew a long, deep breath. Her face, in the uncertain light, looked haggard and wan.

"May the ship that brings Guy Hazelwood to his inheritance," she muttered, "sink fathoms deep before it ever comes in sight of English land. Wherever he is, however it fares with him, I curse him from my heart! And for you, my poor wronged darling"—and here she kissed her lover's letter, feverishly—"my mind is made up. 'All for love, and the world well lost!' You shall not be utterly defrauded—you shall, at least, have me. I bless that dead woman in yonder for one thing—she has given me enough to carry me to you. Cyril, Cyril, off in that strange land, sick, alone, perhaps discouraged—oh, that you could hear me as I cry, I am coming to you—I am coming!"

(To be continued.)

Thackeray and his Friends.

THACKERAY was the only man upon the *Punch* staff with whom Mark Lemon was not upon thoroughly easy terms. "I never felt quite at home with him," he said to me during one of our numerous gossipings, "he was always so infernally wise. He was genial; but whatever you talked about, you felt that he would have the wisest views upon the subject. He seemed too great for ordinary conversation. Now Dickens was very different. He was full of fun, merry and wise, buoyant with animal spirits. I always, however, liked Thackeray, in addition to other reasons, because he liked Dickens, and never showed a spark of jealousy about his work, which he always openly and honestly admired. He read 'Dombey and Son,' each month with avidity. When the fifth number appeared, containing the death of little Dombey, Thackeray with the part in his pocket, went down to the *Punch* office and startled Mark Lemon by suddenly laying it before him and exclaiming: 'There! Read that. There is no writing against such power as this—no one has a chance. Read the description of young Paul's death—it is unsurpassed, it is stupendous!' Douglas Jerrold used to say, 'I have known Thackeray eighteen years, and don't know him yet.'

Spelling Bees.

THOUGH we cordially allow that "it is never too late to mend," and are glad to see our young men and maidens awakening to a sense of their shortcomings, and endeavoring diligently to improve themselves by the aid either of bees or of other means, it is too much to ask us to regard the process as a social amusement for educated spectators. It is not always either necessary or desirable to inspect the machinery by which even the most benevolent results are attained; our dinner would hardly give us the same amount of gratification if we stood at the chef's elbow and watched his manipulations, that it does when it reaches us as an accomplished fact, and we confess to the belief that our friend's education is also better conducted in private. But, above all, we complain of the want of conversational power that necessitates the adoption of childish games for the amusement—heaven save the mark!—of grown-up men and women. Gobang and lawn-tennis, pool, round games, spelling-bees even, may be all very well in their way as an occasional interlude, but when they are thrust upon us in lieu of, nay, in order to avoid the trouble of conversation, it is, we think, time to protest.

A Peculiar Combat.

A SINGULAR fight was witnessed at Giant's Causeway, Ireland, last week. Reynard, who was hungry, saw the ravens feeding off some carrion near the brink of a precipice, and thought he would like one of them for his dinner. He accordingly stole in near the carrion and lay down apparently as if dead. The ravens had noticed him, and resisted his intrusion. One of them flew and pecked at him, when he tried to snap it, but in vain. This little game was continued for some time, when the ravens, getting enraged, assumed the offensive. One attacked at the head and the other at the tail, and as he turned to beat off the one the other was upon him. Poor Reynard soon found that he had caught a couple of tarts. His cunning stood him in good stead for some time, but gradually he was being worsted and forced towards the edge of the precipice, and when at length there, by a grand coup, he was overbalanced, and fell headlong into the sea.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Protestant Rome.—Consecration of an American Church in the Eternal City.

In the Protestant movement which has been going on in Rome since her reunion to the Italian Kingdom, the American people have from the first taken a leading part. The crowning feature of this portentous effort was exhibited on March 25th, when the American Church of St. Paul was consecrated in Rome by the Right Rev. Dr. Littlejohn, Bishop of Long Island. The church, as shown in our illustration, is a fine Gothic building, costing \$150,000. Mr. Street, its architect, has already been commissioned to design another similar edifice for the English congregation, which will cost

\$100,000. The dedication ceremonies were very imposing, and no such display of any other than Papal worship has been witnessed in Rome since the gods of Paganism yielded to the Cross. Bishop Littlejohn was assisted by the Bishops of Peterborough, Gibraltar, Down and Connor, and Nebraska, the Rev. Dr. Hevin, chaplain of the American congregation; the Rev. Mr. Wasse, chaplain of the English congregation; the Rev. Lord Plunkett, and a large number of minor clergy. The bishops and the clergy went in procession along the Via Nazionale, amid an immense crowd assembled to witness this unusual sight. At the door of the church they were met by the churchwardens and vestrymen, one of whom read the instrument of donation, declaring the church to be free from debt and requesting consecration. The bishops and clergy then advanced to the nave, the choristers singing an antiphon from Psalm xxiv, "The Earth is the Lord's," and having taken their respective places, the sentence of consecration was read by the Rev. Dr. Potter, Secretary to the United States House of Bishops, which was afterwards laid upon the altar by the Bishop of Long Island. The full choral service and anthem, conducted under the direction of Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral, were sung by a large choir, composed of ladies and gentlemen of the English and American congregations. The prayers were read by Dr. Hevin and the Rev. Somerset Burtchell, the first lesson by the Rev. Lord Plunkett, the Commandments by the Bishop of Down and Connor, the Epistle by the Rev. Mr. Wasse, and the Gospel by the Bishop of Peterborough. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Long Island, from the seventh verse of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. The church was densely crowded by the élite of the English and American society in Rome. The English Ambassador and Ambassador, the United States Minister, with the secretaries of both legations, were present, and also many members of the Roman and Italian nobility, and many Senators and Deputies.

The Herzegovinian Insurrection.

The headquarters of the insurgent bands of Herzegovinians, commanded by Simunitch, Stejan and Soszitch, are in the Bosnian village of Gatsko, in the vicinity of which place several combats have already taken place with the Turkish forces, to the discomfiture of the latter. The stream which bathes the foot of the village is called the Moravia, and is one of the numerous affluents of the Drin. At the left of the picture is seen a blockhouse, which was lately held by the Turks, but which now is occupied as an advanced post of the insurgents. The Drin, called by the Turks the Drin Dere, or "White" Drin, forms, near Sandjak, the eastern boundary of Herzegovina, and shortly after flows into the Bosna, the principal river in Bosnia. Another cut illustrates a convoy of Bo-nian and Bulgarian insurgents crossing the Drin. The native costume of these people comprises sheepskin hats, leather jackets, and ill-fitting white cloth trowsers, reaching below the knees. The lower extremities and the feet are covered with bits of the same material, tied with strings of hide. Excepting some of the choicer, they are too poor to indulge in shirts. Their arms are the Snyder or Martin muskets, furnished them from Dalmatia. The apprehension of their Turkish rulers has carefully denied them all access to better weapons, and the illustrations, common in some of the papers of the day, representing the insurgents as armed with long-barreled rifles, surmounted with Damascus crosses, and accoutred with jeweled pistols, etc., are simply gross fictions. Their wagons, it will be seen, are likewise of the very rudest possible construction, and the bridges of the country are fashioned on very primitive principles.

French Respiratory Inventions.

We illustrate this week a recent experiment made by a special commission at the Government foundry in Toulon, France, with two machines constructed to sustain human life in an atmosphere that has been deprived of all life-sustaining elements. Coal, sulphur and damp straw were burned in a large furnace into which two men entered, each appareled in one of the apparatus above named. They remained in the noxious vapors for a long time, and emerged without having experienced the slightest inconvenience therefrom. The Galibier machine is composed of a sheepskin filled with air, which the experimenter supports on his back, as seen in the cut; lutes for protecting the eyes; and a nose-piece to preclude all respiration through that organ, the air being conveyed to the lungs through the mouth alone, by means of tubes communicating with the air-chamber. With the Denayrouze apparatus the experimenter is supplied with air pumped from outside the furnace. His lamp is also similarly supplied, the currents of air being regulated by valves which admit and expel it as required. Both experiments were conducted with the greatest success.

A Church Baptism in France.

The Baptist denomination in France, though not numerous, has, nevertheless, established a sufficient foothold to entitle it to distinctive recognition among the Protestant sects in that country. It is about fifty years since the Baptists first located themselves in the north of France, since which time they have spread throughout the other districts, as they have done also throughout Europe generally. Our illustration of a baptismal ceremony performed in a church in Paris presents no new features to American eyes as respects the rite itself, though the arrangement of the waiting groups, and the costume of the officiating minister are different from what is customarily seen on such occasions on this side of the Atlantic.

The Central African Expedition.

Lieutenant Cameron, since his return to England, has presented to the public a number of interesting sketches of his trans-African explorations. Many of these scenes of travel are necessarily devoid of dramatic incident, but they all are of value as illustrating the social condition of the Central African tribes. Our cut this week represents Lieutenant Cameron and his companions crossing the Luwati River, an affluent of the Luluwa, in Ulunda. The water was only from four to five feet deep, and the rudest contrivance answered the purpose of a bridge.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 6, 1876.

"HENRY V." resigned his crown at Booth's Theatre on Saturday evening, May 6th, and was succeeded the following Monday by Miss Kellogg and her English Opera Troupe. . . . The run of "Ferrol" ceased at the Union Square, Monday evening, March 8th. The next night "Conscience," a new play by two New York journalists, was produced. . . . "London Assurance" was never better played than it has been at Wallack's Theatre. . . . No change announced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. "Pique" will certainly score its 200th night. . . . Offenbach arrived here on Friday, May 6th. He appears as conductor of a mammoth orchestra at Gilmore's Garden, Thursday, May 11th. . . . Aimée will open the Lyceum with a *bouffé* company in August. . . . Aptomma gave a harp recital at Steinway Hall, Friday evening, May 6th. . . . The long-promised opening of Niblo's Garden is still delayed. . . . The name of the new play that is to follow "Brass" at the Park Theatre has not transpired. . . . Miss Margaretta F. Moore gave recitations and readings at Wood's Museum last week. . . . The Central Park Garden has attained its old popularity.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—PHILADELPHIA will Fourth-of-July to the extent of \$10,000 worth of fireworks.

—The Centennial police now number about 900 men, and the fire department 300.

—The Centennial National Bank has begun business in its branch on the grounds.

—The Third New York Cavalry, numbering 300 troopers, propose galloping to the Exhibition.

—The Ohio Archeological Association has forwarded forty-eight large cases of antiquities of the Mound-Builders.

—The original Masonic apron worn by General Washington has been presented to the Historical Department by Dr. Clitherall.

—The New York boating men propose to subscribe \$5,000 to the Centennial Regatta Fund, and to furnish two of the prizes.

—The great Corliss engine has been in continual operation during the past week, the object being to test the bearings and shafting.

—The following London papers will be represented by Centennial correspondents at Philadelphia: *Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post* and *Standard*.

—DR. STILLE, Chief of the Bureau of Awards, has resigned, and the duties of the office are shouldered by President Hawley, Director-General Goshorn and Commissioner Morrell.

—THE American Bureau of Awards will consist of 150 judges, instead of 100, as originally intended. They have all been appointed and confirmed, but their names will not be known until May 10th.

—THE hieroglyphics on the facade of the Egyptian temple-pavilion in the Main Building are translated: "The Viceroy has made for the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia a temple."

—A WEEKLY paper, entitled *The New Century for Women*, will be printed and published in the Woman's Pavilion, throughout the Exhibition. It will be edited by Mrs. Halliwell, daughter of Treasurer Frederick Fraley.

—THE Centennial Commission has been in session in Philadelphia for more than a week. Its members will reside there until the close of the Exhibition, as the body will convene at frequent intervals during that time.

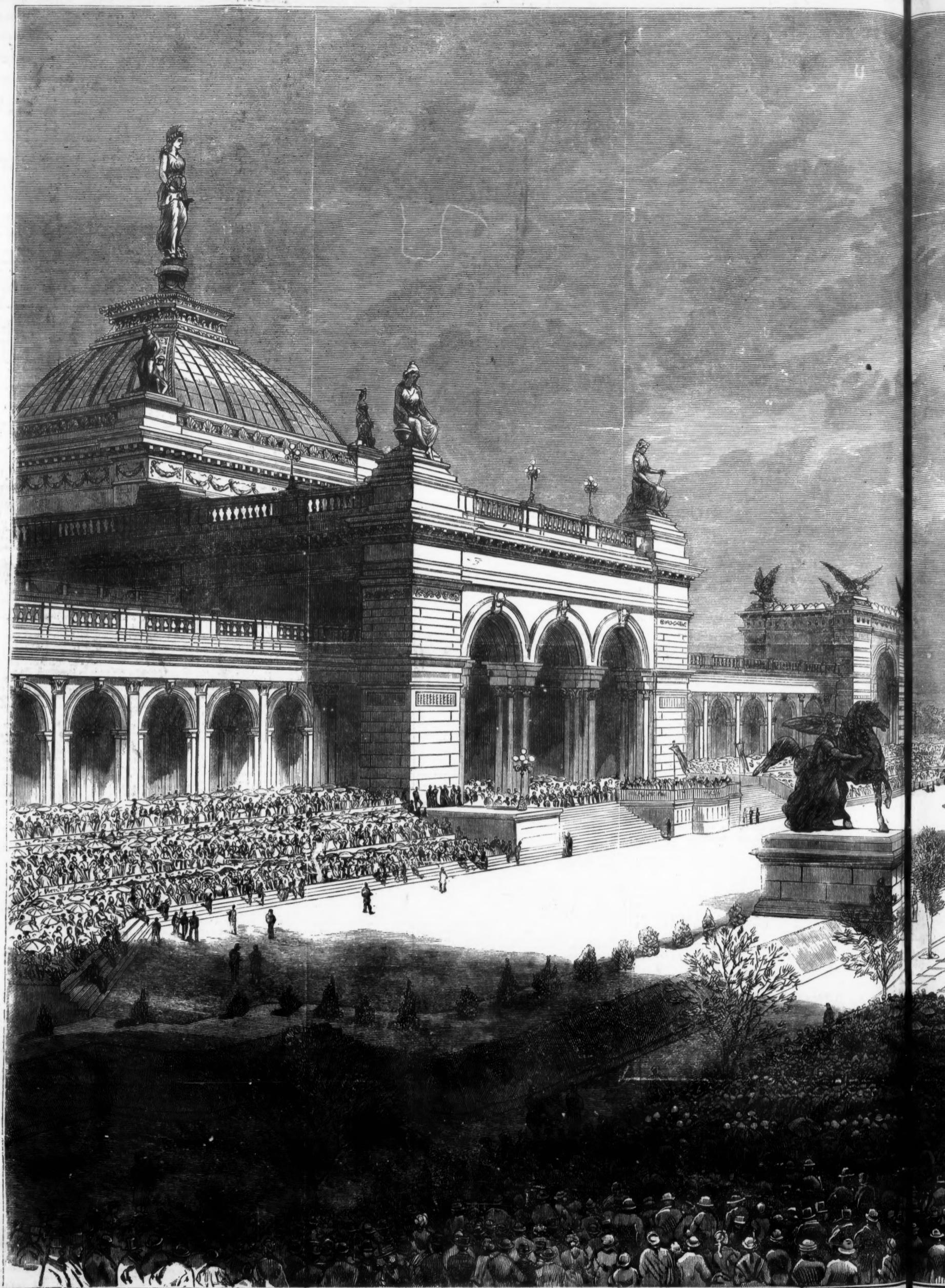
—FORMIDABLE memorials, one of them signed by over 3,000 prominent and respectable Philadelphians, and another by over 10,000 persons outside the city, petitioning the prohibition of liquor selling on the grounds, are under the consideration of the Commission.

—THE United States Building has become a menagerie, being the habitation of seals, sea-lions, walruses, sea-elephants, black bears, caribous, musk oxen, deer, cougars, coyotes, grizzly bears, jaguars, crocodiles, Rocky Mountain goats, pecaries and buffaloes. It may be proper to state, however, that they are all stuffed bides.

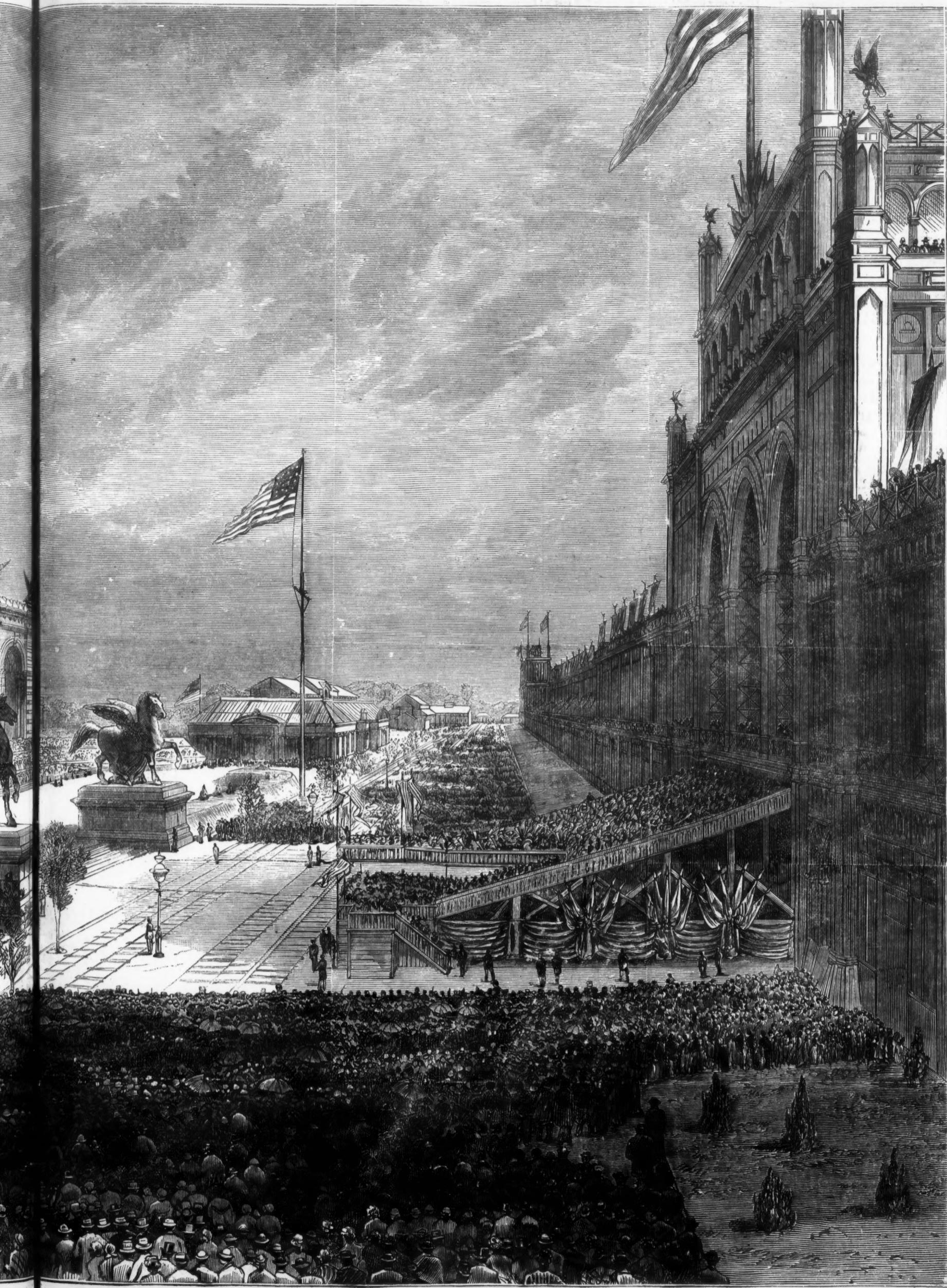
—THE Exhibition Grounds will be opened to the public (if they pay fifty cents) on opening day at 9 A.M., but the Main Building and Memorial and Machinery Halls will be kept closed until 12 M., as they will not have been transferred by President Welsh, of the Board of Finance, to President Hawley, of the Commission, and by the latter to the President of the United States, until that time.

—A SERIES of etchings of war scenes, entitled "Life Studies of the Great Army," has been on exhibition for some days in the gallery of the Union League Club, in this city. They are the work of Mr. Edwin Forbes, and are from sketches made by that gentleman while he was accompanying the Federal Army, during the Rebellion. In the employ of THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, Mr. Forbes received his artistic education in this establishment, and his style is doubtless familiar to many of our readers.

—IN a vote by States of 27 to 9, the Commission recently decided to open the grounds free, but to close the buildings on Sundays. Next day, upon reconsideration, the vote was made unanimous to close the grounds as well as buildings. The representatives of Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Minnesota, Montana, South Carolina and Washington Territory, who were the nine favoring the opening of the Exhibition on Sunday, upon being asked why they had turned over so easily, replied that the tighter the cord was drawn, the sooner it would break.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, MAY 10TH—SCENE ON THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



ON THE GRAND PLAZA, IN FRONT OF MEMORIAL HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.

CENTENNIAL HYMN,

BY
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rending bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World, thronging all its streets,
Unavailing all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, fraughted with Love's golden fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought or sold!

Oh! make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

OVERSLAUGHED.

A TALE OF CIVIL SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

M R. WODDLE was absent on leave from a mud village in Africa, where he had spent the best part of an anxious and forgotten life. He had a right based on the rules of his office to be away from his business for two years and one month, at the rate of one month to the year, for he had been just quarter of a century in Africa. But he would not have got leave so easily had not an enterprising young man, who was nephew to the butler of a chief clerk of his department, and had married a most interesting young woman, been looking out eagerly for employment, with all the hope of inexperience. The interesting young woman who had espoused the enterprising young man had an interview with the chief clerk, and that permanent official took quite a fatherly interest in her concerns. It was precisely at this propitious moment that Mr. Woddle asked for leave of absence from his mud village.

"Humph! hah! yes!" mused the chief clerk, and gave it him.

Then the chief clerk summoned one of the ancients of his office, who had a weakness for Scotch snuff and whisky, which had seized him at the age of forty-nine, from seeing that he had no outlooks towards promotion.

"Mr. Gay"—it was a strange name for the feeble-kneed old copyist, but it was his own and might have suited him once—"Mr. Gay, who is Woddle?"

"Godamus," answered Mr. Gay, cheerily, for he knew it would not do to sulk with his superiors.

"Don't swear, Gay. Leave your vulgar habits at home, and do not import them into the business of the office, I beg," answered the chief clerk sternly. His name was Chowser.

"I am not swearing, sir," pleaded Mr. Gay, humbly. "Godamus is the name of a place in Africa. Woddle is appointed to reside somewhere in the neighborhood."

"Don't contradict me, Mr. Gay," said Chowser, blustering, for it was his habit to stun himself and his hearers. "I asked you who is Woddle—I mean who appointed him? What's his influence? Can't you understand plain English?" Mr. Chowser was very proud of his plain English, and referred to it with natural pride.

"Oh," replied Mr. Gay, promptly, "Woddle is one of Lord Palmerston's appointments—a college prizeman, I remember. He was promised Tripoli; but my lord never came back here after his quarrel with Lord John."

"Hah, I see!" remarked Chowser, through his nose, "Woddle has no friends. We have written to him to come home, and you will give orders for Mr. Bagge to go out as his *locum tenens*." Chowser was also proud of his Latin; and having aired it, he added: "Mr. Bagge is a dependent of mine, and things must be made easy for him. His Christian name is John—an apostolic name—his address is Tooley Street. He must be written to to-night. I think we shall have to institute an inquiry into the proceedings of your friend Woddle by a person competent for the task. Mr. Bagge is such a person. He must go at once to the place with that heathenish name."

Mr. Elliot-Russel Chowser went to church every Sunday at South Kensington, and there admired the apostles while he mentally blamed the heathen as not being in Society.

Soon after this conversation Mr. Woddle, who had lost most of his teeth and all his hair, set out to enjoy the blessings of his native land. His pleasure, however, was rather dampened on the day of his arrival by the receipt of a dispatch from Mr. Chowser, containing thirty-six questions relating to everything he had done or had not done for the last twenty-five years.

Mr. Woddle sat up all night to answer it, for he had a mighty respect and an equal amount of awe for Mr. Chowser. But he had nothing to fear or conceal, and he was very well satisfied with his work when it was done in official text-hand of the neatest kind without a blot. He made a good straightforward, honest reply to the interrogatories put before him, for he was a scholar and a gentleman in his way; then he went to bed as

the murky daylight shed a yellowish look over a small hotel near the London University, at which he remembered having dined on the day of his appointment.

He had rather uneasy dreams, perhaps because he had sat up later than usual; for he was a square-toed, orderly fellow, who lived by rule; perhaps because coming events cast their shadows before, and some imp may have whispered in his sleeping ear that few months hence he would be condemned to hard labor for life without a trial. Such is the stuff of which nightmares are made, and middle-aged gentlemen whose habits of life are abruptly disturbed very often have nightmares.

Mr. Woddle, however, rose early in the afternoon, and began to think seriously about refreshing himself. His mind was much exercised between a baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes and a rasher of Wiltshire bacon, delicacies which are not to be readily had in Africa, but which had shared his youthful affections in a remarkable manner. He decided, after many inward wrestlings, for the latter; and when he had eaten it he went out, as a reasonable man should in his circumstances, to have his hair cut, but remembering he had no hair, he thought, not without bashfulness, that he must revel in the delights of his native land in a bald state.

He walked all over the dreariest part of London in search of old acquaintance, but found none. They had all died or changed their lodgings. He was a stranger to every human being in the great city, and soon found himself wondering why he had come home. The very name of home seemed a mockery to him; and as he smiled wryly at his forlorn state he remembered that one of his reasons for visiting England was to consult a physician about an ailment which had begun to perplex him of late years. It was chronic rheumatism, the result of fever and ague, which are among the exports of his district.

He saw the name of "Mr. Bell, knock and ring," on the door of a small house near the New Road, whither he had wandered, and modestly did as he was bidden. He knocked and rang.

A neatly dressed but rather faded person opened the door with an alacrity which showed a keen desire for visitors. She might have been thirty or thirty-five. She might equally well have been twenty-eight or even twenty-seven. She had a nice, kind look about her. She seemed to be unmarried, with the checked and disappointed remains of what might have been beauty hanging with a sort of weary grace about her. Still they charmed Mr. Woddle, who was heart-sore, and he asked her gently if Mr. Bell was at home.

"Oh, yes, papa is in his study, if you wish to see him," replied the lady, with a touch of compassion in her voice, for Mr. Woddle was a sorry sight. "Our servant has gone out, and I thought she had come back when you rang; but I will show you into papa at once."

Mr. Bell "surgeon accoucheur," who so persistently asked the public on a brass plate to knock and ring at his door, may have had some reasons to regret that they did not avail themselves of his invitation with sufficient frequency. But he did not show that he was at all huffed by their neglect of him. He was a jolly, perhaps a too jolly, old gentleman, and when he learned the official rank and fancied importance of his new patient he was much impressed by them. Moreover, in the course of that intimate talk which is soon established between doctor and patient, it turned out that Mr. Bell had known Professor Bing—the great light of Woddle's college days—and the two gentlemen struck up a warm friendship, so that the medical man, who was a hospitable creature, asked his patient to stay to dinner, and there happened to be the very baked shoulder of mutton for which his soul had yearned in vain during many years of exile and fussiness.

From that moment his fate was sealed. He saw Miss Mary Bell pour out the beer (it was fourpenny ale, a comforting drink though light), and he loved her. She was indeed a good woman, patient, gentle-voiced; and he thought with a sigh over the unattainable, how she would brighten and gladden his mud hut in Africa. For the first time he began to grieve over the loss of his hair, and wished that he had had more teeth.

Mary Bell did not prove so unattainable as he had feared, and he took to dining with the worthy doctor every day after a short while. She had never heard such talk as his. It had the rich perfume of distant travel in it, and far-off romance, not unmixed with danger. Gleams of a great courage flashed out of it, and of suffering and solitude nobly borne, with much, very much, of worth and generosity. She forgot all about the man's hair or the want of it, and listened to the pure English in which he clothed the utterances of a fine intellect admirably trained by leisure and reading. Woddle's mental food had been drawn from the best markets. He had read books, newspapers and reviews which no busy or happy man has ever time to read; and he could have passed equally well an examination in the *Full Mall Gazette* or in the works of Max Müller.

So the course of this true love went smoothly, till one day Mr. Woddle appeared with a monument of the choicest work of Mr. Truefitt, and some miraculous teeth which Miss Mary Bell had never seen before. She laughed at first, and then she cried about it. The man was so good, so great in her eyes, and so ridiculous. Thus it happened that in the end he took off his wig and asked her to be his wife. She said

"Yes," and added, with a funny sob, half hysterical, "Please never put IT on again." Mr. Woddle thankfully assured her that he would not, for the thing tickled him. Possibly it was made of a young lover's hair, and was jealous of his happiness.

He was very happy, and so was Mr. Bell. They spent all their days in considering what it was best to do with the eighty-three pounds nineteen shillings which remained out of Woddle's hard savings for a quarter of a century. Finally they decided to keep it because it would, with the addition of his next quarter's salary, just pay both their passage back to Africa. So they contracted a few debts, for which Mr. Bell cheerfully agreed to be responsible. They bought some curtains to puzzle the mosquitoes, two new dresses (one for

the wedding-day and one for the next), six pots of raspberry jam for puddings, and a work-table inlaid with real mother-of-pearl, which was of course an extravagance. But here Doctor Bell came boldly to the rescue.

"I have got," said that excellent medical man, "a hundred pounds in an old stocking somewhere, and I may as well bring it out to make you young folks happy" (Woddle blushed). "You shall not say my daughter came a beggar to your arms; but if the obligation weighs upon you, as I am not very well off, you may pay the apprenticeship fee of my poor sister's son a year or two hence; the boy is an orphan, and I had put aside this money for him. You won't feel it when you get your promotion."

"No—oh, no," replied Mr. Woddle, rather uneasily, for he had got another dispatch, containing more interrogatories which he could not understand that very morning, signed, "Chowser."

"Meantime," continued Mr. Bell, prudently, "you had better insure your life, and write out to your post to secure your house on lease, as you say it is the best in the place."

"Of course," said Mr. Woddle, and he acted religiously on this advice.

It was an excellently arranged wedding, and advertised the next day in all the newspapers supported by exclusive information, according to the wise fashion of the times. But there was no other expenditure. The doctor insisted on giving the breakfast, and bought two bottles of real champagne at the West End to do it handsomely. The bride and bridegroom only went to Hampstead, and returned next day infinitely pleased with their trip, till they found another dispatch awaiting them, signed "Chowser."

After reading it attentively, and altogether failing to understand what it meant, save that it was something awful, signed "Chowser," who appeared in a passion, Mr. Woddle, considerably strengthened by matrimony, went down to see the great man of his department, and to explain that he (Woddle) would like to return at once to his employment, because he was now a married man, and could not afford to lose half his salary till he observed mildly, "he might be promoted."

"Might have been!" roared Mr. Chowser. "Now you are suspended, and are never likely to return at all. Why, by George," said the permanent official, with every mark of anger and astonishment, "in your last letter to the office you actually dared to defend yourself. I and my lord are very angry with you."

Mr. Woddle never returned to Africa, for a few months later Mr. John Bagge was gazetted to his post. Mrs. Bagge did not accompany her husband; and the latest intelligence received of Woddle is that he is night porter at Messrs. Shift, Shuffe & Claymes' bank, where they like to have trustworthy people—out of the firm. Mrs. Woddle takes in needlework, when she can get it, and is silly enough to fancy her husband ill-used. Doctor Bell says nothing, but if I were Chowser I would not consult him without witnesses. It is not known what became of the raspberry jam for puddings, but Woddle got a fair price for his wig, which was never used. Mr. Chowser and his "my lord" are the most popular men in the country.

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART VIII.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT BEFELL ME ON MY ROUTE TO CLAREMONT, AND WHAT I HEARD THERE.

I HAD parted from General Lafayette on the skirts of the White Oak Swamp, and now made my way through that great morass, and the main road leading from Richmond to Williamsburg.

I thought I should be forced to stop and rest at a small inn called the "Seven Pines Ordinary," but determined to continue my way and put the Chickahominy between myself and the enemy, who were now rapidly pursuing Lafayette, as I could tell by the sound of skirmishing in his rear. I accordingly went on, forded the sluggish Chickahominy, and debated with myself whether I should incline to the left and spend the night at "Old Cold Harbor Ordinary," with which I was acquainted. This was too far off my route, however, and seeing a small roadside tavern near, called "The Orapax Inn," I rode towards it, determined to rest at least for a short time there.

It was now near sunset, and the red light began to gild the pine forest. As I came up to the little hostelry, I saw a traveling-carriage, drawn by two horses, drive from the door to the stable in rear. A glance showed me that the carriage was one of those vehicles which were at that time kept for hire in large towns, and a trunk was strapped behind it—its occupant having evidently entered the tavern.

I knew the landlord, and requesting him to feed my horse and supply me with some supper, I walked in to the low main room of the tavern, which was entirely vacant. The worthy host was plainly uneasy on my account.

"My dear Mr. Cary!" he exclaimed, with friendly anxiety, "the British are coming! I never wanted to get rid of a guest before, especially as good a friend as your honor—but you ought to be away from here!"

"I am not going to stay, my friend," I replied; "as I am too sick to fight, I am running. I will be off in half an hour."

"His evidently relieved the good man's mind; he ordered my supper at once, and we then fell into conversation.

"You have another guest," I said, "as I saw a traveling-carriage. Who is he?"

"It is a lady, sir."

"A lady!"

"Mrs. Preston Routlege, from the Carolinas. Her name is marked on her trunk."

"Indeed? Is she alone?"

"Yes, sir. The driver says she came from the South, and is going to visit some friends in Virginia somewhere. She has taken a chamber—my very best—and ordered supper to be served to her there."

The incident seemed commonplace—I ceased to take further interest in Mrs. Preston Routlege, of

the Carolinas, and as supper was promptly served, I sat down and gave that attention to it habitual with hungry soldiers. As the distant sound of skirmishes continued to be heard, I then ordered my horse, paid my host, and went towards the door.

As I did so, the driver of Mrs. Preston Routlege's carriage was coming down-stairs. He was an ordinary black servant, and had just reached the bottom of the staircase, when a voice from above called to him—a voice which seemed strangely familiar to me. The servant did not seem to hear the noise made by his heavy boots appearing to drown the sound. Thereupon the voice called again, and the lady was evidently coming from her apartment to make herself heard.

"The carriage at sunrise, remember!" said the familiar voice.

And I saw at the head of the staircase a figure in a handsome dark traveling-dress. The last rays of sunset fell upon the figure, and especially the face—and I recognized the *Baroness de Rudysael!*

Whether she did or did not recognize me, I am unable to say. I think she did not, for I was standing in the shadow of the half-open door. As to her own identity, there could be no doubt whatever. In Mrs. Preston Routlege I recognized beyond any shadow of doubt the strangely beautiful and fascinating baroness-vivandière-spy, of Dungeness, Long Island, Pennsylvania and the Hudsonson!

I stood perfectly still, and the fair one having given her order, which the servant replied to by touching his hat, speedily retired to her chamber, closing the door behind her.

What should I do? I knew this woman to be a spy, and a most adroit and dangerous one. Should I attempt to arrest her? The firing beyond the White Oak Swamp admonished me that her friends were near, and any delay thus occasioned might prove dangerous to myself. Should I quietly go on my way? I should thereby leave a most skillful secret agent of the enemy free to pursue her machinations.

I determined to follow a middle course, as the only practicable one under the circumstances; and taking the landlord aside, I informed him of the real character of his guest. He was amazed, and as I had afterwards reason to suppose, believed me deceived by a mere resemblance; it is probable also that the flattering tongue and ready gold of madame somewhat contributed to this conviction. He promised, however, to "keep an eye upon her"—which was vague, but all I could extract from him—and mounting my horse, I rode off, just as night began to fall.

What was Mrs. Preston Routlege doing in Virginia now, and whither was she traveling? Had she renewed personal relations with Dinsmore, and was she proceeding towards Dungeness? The subject occupied my mind nearly all night, and at the end of my musings I was no nearer a solution of the mystery than at first.

I rode all night, finding the fresh May air far from unpleasant, and breakfasted at a small ordinary, where I slept for an hour. I then mounted again and continued my way slowly down the Peninsula towards James City. At last I saw the familiar walls of Claremont rise from its hill, and finally drew rein in front of the long portico.

Colonel Warrington came to meet me with an expression of the warmest cordiality on his stately old face.

"Welcome! welcome! my dear Mr. Cary!" he exclaimed. "I should say Lieutenant or Captain Cary, I suppose, but that is unimportant. The essential point is that it is really yourself!"

A servant hastened to take my horse, and I entered the house—Mrs. Warrington and Miss Neil coming to meet me with faces full of pleasure.

"But you look ill!" said the excellent lady.

"How fortunate you came—I will nurse you!"

"And I will make you laugh, and sing you some new songs I have!" exclaimed Nell.

"Come, come—don't annoy Mr. Cary," said the old planter. "Why inform him that he will want nothing at Claremont, ladies? One of the Cary family, even if unknown to us, commands all in any house belonging to the Warringtons!"

Thus spoke the proud, hospitable old nabob; and I was speedily the centre of the group, asking and replying to questions—especially the latter. Finally there was a lull in the conversation, and looking around me, I said:

gentlemen are! You never tell your dearest friends anything. Now, if Mr. Dinsmore had been a girl, and you had been another, he would have sung one single song for you hour after hour—the burden of it, ‘Honoria! Honoria!’”

Here the stately old colonel interposed.

“I think you have plagued Mr. Cary sufficiently with your sharp tongue, Miss Nelly—give him a little rest, and allow him to go and make his toilet; dinner is nearly ready.”

The colonel drew from his pocket a bunch of keys.

“It is a bad habit to drink rum before dinner, but you require something to revive you, after your ride,” he said. “Come, Mr. Cary.”

The rum made into a punch was delicious, and revives me greatly. I then made my toilet, came down, partook of an admirable dinner presided over by the grand old colonel, who was flanked by decanters; and the ladies having retired, we began to talk over our wine.

The war was the object of the colonel’s curiosity, and I gave him an account of the campaign in the Carolina, including my adventures with Dinsmore, which naturally brought the conversation to that subject, and to Honoria’s marriage.

Yea, they had been married nearly a month before, the colonel informed me, sipping his glass of Madeira with the air of the *Grand Monarque*. There had been a former engagement, he believed, between Honoria and Mr. Dinsmore, but some maiden-freak on Honoria’s part—women were all alike—had broken it off. The engagement had, however, been renewed early in this year, and the marriage had duly taken place—with his full approbation, for Mr. Dinsmore came of one of the oldest and most honorable families in England; he was a nephew of Lord Ferrers, and heir-apparent, indeed, to the title: thus his, Colonel Warrington’s, approbation was a matter of course, no personal objection whatever existing to an alliance with Mr. Dinsmore.

I listened attentively, but need not say that all this threw no light whatever upon the mystery which occupied my mind. The worthy old nabob certainly did not convince me that “no personal objection existed to an alliance with Mr. Dinsmore!” I saw, however, that nothing further could be extracted from him; and desiring to prosecute my investigation on the next day at Dungennesse, I suddenly resolved to turn the conversation on Marcus Fontaine.

“You are right, colonel,” I said, “in regarding Mr. Dinsmore’s social position as a desirable circumstance in a son-in-law.”

“It was essential, sir,” said the old planter, grandly. “I have no foolish pride of family, Mr. Cary, not a particle; but I confess to a decent respect for honorable lineage. To be frank, had not Mr. Dinsmore been a gentleman born, I should have promptly declined the honor of his alliance.”

“As in the case of poor Marcus Fontaine.”

“Ah! you are acquainted with the circumstances of that sad affair, I perceive. Yes, I was compelled to decline Mr. Fontaine’s, or, rather, Mr. Ney’s, request. He very honorably informed me that his family were, in the generation preceding his father, scarcely above the rank of peasants—and what other course was left me? His poverty was nothing. Wealth is desirable, but by no means essential. I could have given my daughter’s husband a house and estate—I could not give him what he lacked in another particular. It is my place, as the head of my house, to keep the blood of the Warringtons pure. I will do so in my generation. When I am dead, the duty will devolve on others.”

The colonel pushed the decanter, but I declined it, and rising from the table, we proceeded to the drawing-room, where Miss Nell was singing at the harpsichord.

(To be continued.)

Cities; State Centennial Boards; Yacht and Rowing, Regatta and Rifle Committees, and the Judges of Awards. In front of the platform is a spacious macadamized plateau, occupied by 500 representatives of the press, and by other invited participants.

Still further towards the Main Building, and on the sides of the broad granite steps, ascending to the terrace of the Art Gallery, are seen on immense pedestals, also of granite, two colossal groups in bronze, representing Pegasus in different attitudes, each held in check by a female figure, draped, and standing by its side. The figures are modeled in the strictly classic Greek style, and were purchased at the Vienna Exposition by a Philadelphia gentleman, who presented them to the Park Commissioners. They formerly were a portion of the ornaments of the Vienna Academy of Music.

In the foreground, on the right, and immediately in front of the northern entrance to the Main Building, is the platform on which is stationed Theodore Thomas’ orchestra of 150 members, which, at ten o’clock, began the performance of the national airs of all nations.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

At the close of this, the President of the United States is conducted to the Grounds, escorted by Governor Hartman, at the head of the Pennsylvania National Guard. The President enters the north door of Memorial Hall, and, conducted by Presidents Hawley and Welsh, of the Commission and Board of Finance, passes through to the platform seen on the right, where he is received amid the exhilarating strains of Wagner’s Grand Centennial March, performed by the orchestra. An invocation of the Divine blessing is then made by Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, after which a hymn, by Whittier (which we also present to our readers this week), is sung by the six hundred choristers on the platform with the orchestra. Then follows Lanier’s cantata (music by Dudley Buck), sung by the chorus.

THE FORMAL TRANSFER.

At the conclusion of these services, the Hon. John Welsh, the President of the Board of Finance, arises on the centre of the platform in front of the Art Gallery (at the left of the illustration), and formally transfers the Centennial Buildings to General Joseph R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, by whom, in turn, they are delivered up to the President of the United States, who delivers an address, at the close of which he declares the Exhibition open to the world. The artillery then salutes, the chimes in the tower of Machinery Hall, and other great bells on the ground, begin to ring, and the chorus renders Handel’s “Hallelujah.”

THE GRAND PROCESSION — STARTING THE ENGINE.

The Foreign Commissioners then move to their respective offices in the Main Building; the President, escorted by the Commission and Board of Finance, and their chiefs of departments, architects, engineers, etc., and the invited guests, enter the north doors of the Main Building and move, accompanied by the music of grand organs, first to the east and then to the west, along the great avenue, in such a manner as to pass by each National Commission. The procession then crosses Belmont Avenue to Machinery Hall, and walks down the main avenue to the centre, where stands the great Corliss engine, which is the subject of another illustration in this paper. This gigantic motor, by which a mass of machinery extending over almost thirteen acres is to be operated, is 39 feet in height, weighs 1,792,000 pounds, drives eight miles of shafting, has a fly-wheel 30 f. e. in diameter and weighing 70 tons, is of 1,500 horse-power, with a capacity of being forced to 2,500 horse-power; has two walking beams weighing 22 tons each, two 40-inch cylinders, a ten-foot stroke, a crank-shaft 19 inches in diameter and 12 feet in length, connecting-rods 24 feet long, and piston-rods 6½ inches in diameter. The platform upon which it rests is 55 feet in diameter, composed of polished iron plates, and resting upon brick foundations that extend far down into the earth. The inventor, patentee and exhibitor is George H. Corliss, of Providence, R. I., who is also a member of the Centennial Commission from that State. The President of the United States and George H. Corliss are represented in the illustration, each with a hand upon a wheel, both in the act of giving the initiatory push. At a signal from the President, steam is put on, the monstrous walking-beams move, one upwards and the other downwards, the engine is under way, the thirteen acres of machinery are in motion, and the last act of opening the Centennial Exhibition to the world is consummated.

LIFE AT THE BLACK HILLS.

A THRILLING WINTER DAY’S TRAGEDY IN CUSTER PARK.

THE tenth day of March was the coldest day experienced in the Black Hills during the past Winter. The mercury was down to twenty degrees below zero, and was still sinking, while the snow rolled down in blinding, eddying clouds, rendering life out of doors almost impossible. The unfortunate who were encamped in and about the neighboring gulches flock into dark, cheerless cabins, and huddled together in shivering groups about the pitch or pine fires kept up for the free accommodation of all who might seek warmth and shelter within doors. At least thirty men had congregated in the most prominent store, the largest in Custer. The mud floor was rendered muddier by the thawing of the ice and snow which dripped in small streams from the rough wrappings of the cosmopolitan assemblage.

The store is a deserted military barracks—a large, low, barn-like affair, containing beds, blacksmith’s forge, carpenter’s bench, bar-room, grocery and notion store, and reporter’s desk. The centre of attraction was the bar, which was being liberally patronized by the shivering crowd.

A party of young men from Salt Lake and the mines of Nevada came rushing into the store, and, with loud, boisterous braggadocio, took possession of the bar. Ranging themselves in a row in front, they called for “some o’ that ar licker.” Round after round of whisky was poured down, and still they stood and talked, and swore and laughed. They had just arrived from Cheyenne after a twenty days’ voyage, and were about to separate and each go his own way, some to the north, others south, and one or two to remain; and this was the fare-well drunk. For fully two hours they stood before the bar, pouring down whisky, and about one o’clock started for the door, where their teams stood shivering in the storm.

Alexander Shaw and Tom Milligan were partners, both from Salt Lake, both young, rough, but affectionate friends, just on the point of shaking

hands before parting. They reached the door and rushed forth, shouting and yelling like drunken men. Milligan drew his revolver and fired in the air.

“Fire lower, Tom, or you’ll hit some of us,” said a companion.

Too late! the pistol was raised again by the reeling man. There was a flash, a report, and Aleck Shaw reeled and fell across the threshold of the door.

“Good God! Tom, what have you done? Did you shoot Aleck, Tom?” said one of the party.

“No, he’s only possumming, boys,” answered Tom. “Aleck, come and take a drink.”

The reckless shooter staggered to the prostrate form which lay upon its face, and seizing it by the coat-collar, turned it over. A ghastly, sickening sight was presented to view. The pale face was striped with blood, which oozed out of a small hole in the forehead. The bullet had pierced through the brain, and had lodged beneath the skull upon the back of the head. For a moment the drunken man stared down into his friend’s bloody face, then his countenance assumed a deadly pallor, his eyes became fixed with horror. He was sobered. Turning round to his horrified companions, he said, as he threw his pistol down:

“Boys, I didn’t go to do it. I’ll swear I didn’t mean to kill him.”

Then bursting into tears, he clasped his hand to his face, and stood sobbing like a child.

“He was the best friend I had in the world, boys, and I loved him like a brother. Oh, God! what have I done! What have I done!”

“Let’s hang him!” suggested some excited individual behind the half-sobered group of Salt Lake men.

“No, no! None o’ that ere business just yet in Custer. The man must have a trial,” said a citizen, coolly, as he drew his revolver.

“I arrest you, sir, in the name of the citizens of Custer,” said Pete McKay, the merchant, and Milligan stood meekly awaiting the grasp of the law.

“Who’ll dare to arrest him?” said one of the drunken Salt Lakers. “You let go of him, you people. You’ve got no legal authority to arrest him, so jest take your claws off him, or I’ll—”

“This is my authority,” said Pete McKay, drawing his pistol. “I am a citizen of Custer, and intend to turn this man over to the city marshal. Who dares to interfere with me?”

“No one!” answered one or two of the bystanders, and a half dozen pistols flashed out from their scabbards, and for several minutes there was an ominous silence in the group. It was a fine tableau. There lay the victim of a drunken ruffian’s recklessness, the brains slowly oozing from the hole in the forehead. Over him stood the sobered ruffian, pale and paralyzed with horror; while pistol in hand stood the merchant, grasping the shoulder of the submissive Milligan; behind him a dozen or more miners, hunters and emigrants, silently supporting the stern, determined merchant; while opposite them were ranged the Salt Lake party, irresolute and surprised. It was a critical period in the history of Custer. A shot from either side would have resulted in a terrible slaughter. The least attempt to rescue Milligan would have brought forth a volley from the citizens, and then Judge Lynch would have been called in to finish up the business.

Marshal Burrows soon arrived and took charge of the prisoner. A jury was at once impaneled and a frontier trial commenced in a little log-cabin, the home, office, bed-room and court-room of the provisional judge. The trial was brief; the principal witness was the reporter; nearly all the other spectators at the tragedy were too drunk to remember what transpired. The six jurymen brought in a verdict of “not guilty.” Then the acquitted man was rearrested for shooting within the city limits and fined twenty-five dollars and costs, which was paid, and Milligan started forth a free man, to drink, brag and shoot again, should the spirit prompt him to do so. This is a true sketch of Black Hills life, and fully illustrates one of the peculiar phases of frontier justice, as executed by a people who govern themselves in a little republic of their own.

Street Scenes in St. Petersburg.

The driving is remarkable in this city of wonders. In the first place, picture to yourself the drojikies, which are mere single seats like stools without back or arms; although often necessary, it is next to impossible for two persons to seat themselves therein, so small are they, and two strangers thus seated can always be recognized by each having both arms clasped around the other, there being nothing else to hold to; the driver has a similar seat a little higher and in front. So seated, your driver starts; he is none of your lazy fellows, and he has learned that St. Petersburg is a city of magnificent distances, and his horse starts and keeps on at a good run; and could you but hold on to the drojky with your feet as tightly as you hold to your companion with your arms, you would feel tolerably secure of keeping your seat. If you are driving on the Nevsky Prospect it is crowded with vehicles, the greater number of them drojikies, all running as fast as your own; now you put out your hand to turn away a running horse’s head within a foot of your own face, and directly your other shoulder wipes the foam from the mouth of another passing horse, and this is done so often that your outside garment soon looks like a winter landscape; for observations you have no time, your whole attention being occupied in wondering at the skill with which imminent collisions are dodged, and when at last you become used to it, you think it the finest driving you ever enjoyed. Not only the driving, but the driver’s dress and horse’s gear, are peculiar. Fastened to the shafts of all vehicles drawn by a single horse is a hoop bent from one shaft to the other, and rising to the height of three or four feet above the horse’s neck; the check-rein is fastened to the top of this hoop. For drays this hoop is larger and heavier, often three inches thick and five inches wide, and painted in bright colors, as a wreath of red roses on a ground of grass green. In all teams where three or more horses are used they are all harnessed abreast. The private teams are of extreme elegance. While in France there is a majority of white horses, in St. Petersburg the greater number of fine horses are black. The private carriages are beautiful and in the finest taste. There is usually a dainty relief of gilt or silver on the carriage and harness, while the reins correspond in color with the lining of the carriage, and a jaunty tassel hangs from the throat-latch. So rapid is the motion, and so light and airy the tread of these horses, they seem to fly as much as touch the earth. The drojky-drivers are in uniform, wearing a blue double-breasted wadded gown, which reaches to the feet; under this a sheepskin skirt, and on the head a hat-shaped covering with broad-spreading crown, but nearly as low as a cap.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. WIRT SYKES, the husband of Olive Logan, has been nominated by the President as consul at Florence, Italy.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS and her daughter left Memphis, April 27th, for New Orleans, and will sail with Mr. Davis for Europe in a few days.

ON Saturday, April 15th, the Rev. Dr. Hall married the Consul-General of Brazil, Dr. Salvador de Mendonca, to Mary E. Redman, of Augusta, Me. The first reception was on Thursday, April 27th, at 145 East Fifty-first Street, the Consular residence.

MR. JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR., United States Consul at Florence, Italy, is dead. He had been Consul there for several years, and by his liberal house-keeping and elegant tastes had become a great favorite with the highest society at Florence, both native and foreign.

THE will of the late Charlotte Cushman was admitted to probate in Newport, R. I., May 1st. To the general surprise, it contained no public bequests. Her estate is left in trust for the benefit of several nephews, nieces and friends, who are to receive sums varying from \$700 to \$1,500 yearly. The aggregate amount of the estate is not stated.

MR. GEORGE GRANT, the wealthy founder of a settlement of the younger sons of the English aristocracy in Kansas, has just returned to his Western home from a visit to England. With him he has brought a large addition to his forces, a company of twenty-one persons, with a valuable stock of thoroughbred animals. The settlement comprises a large township on the Kansas Pacific Railway, and is named “Victoria,” in honor of the Queen. It is in a flourishing condition.

A VERY curious marriage was celebrated recently at the Marne of the nineteenth arrondissement (*La Villette*) of Paris. It was that of a giantess, who calls herself the Belle Lyonnaise. Her real name is Felicie Roversant. Her husband is no less known than herself, and occupies an honorable rank among the wandering fraternity. He is no other than the man-skeleton, an object so thin that it seems as if you could read through him. His true name is Albert de Bernabe, and he is authentically a baron.

THE new Polo Club House, a Swiss *château*, is being built at Jerome Park. The house will have smoking, reception, dining-rooms, etc., with a fine ball-room on the second floor. The Polo grounds will be in hollow easily viewed from the Club House. The club now numbers seventy members. Mr. James Gordon Bennett, President. The Club House will be opened June 1st, and will cost twenty-five thousand dollars. The twenty Mexican ponies for the Polo Club have arrived, and are fattening on a farm near Paterson.

AN industrious woman is Mme. Arabella Godard, who has, during the past three years, since her departure from England, appeared in public at 189 concerts, and has traveled 45,000 miles. The net profits of the tour amounted to \$75,000, gold. The largest receipt for a single concert were \$3,100, gold, at Melbourne. The special vicissitudes of the lady’s tour were the following: Quarantined at Melbourne on arrival for two weeks on account of smallpox on board ship; almost fatal illness contracted in Ceylon; robbed of \$2,000 at Madras, the money being afterward recovered; shipwrecked on the northeast coast of Australia; great lawsuit at Sydney, which was compromised.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to “Ackermann’s Gewerbezeitung,” human labor costs, on an average, ninety times, electricity seventy times, and horse power ten times, as much as steam power.

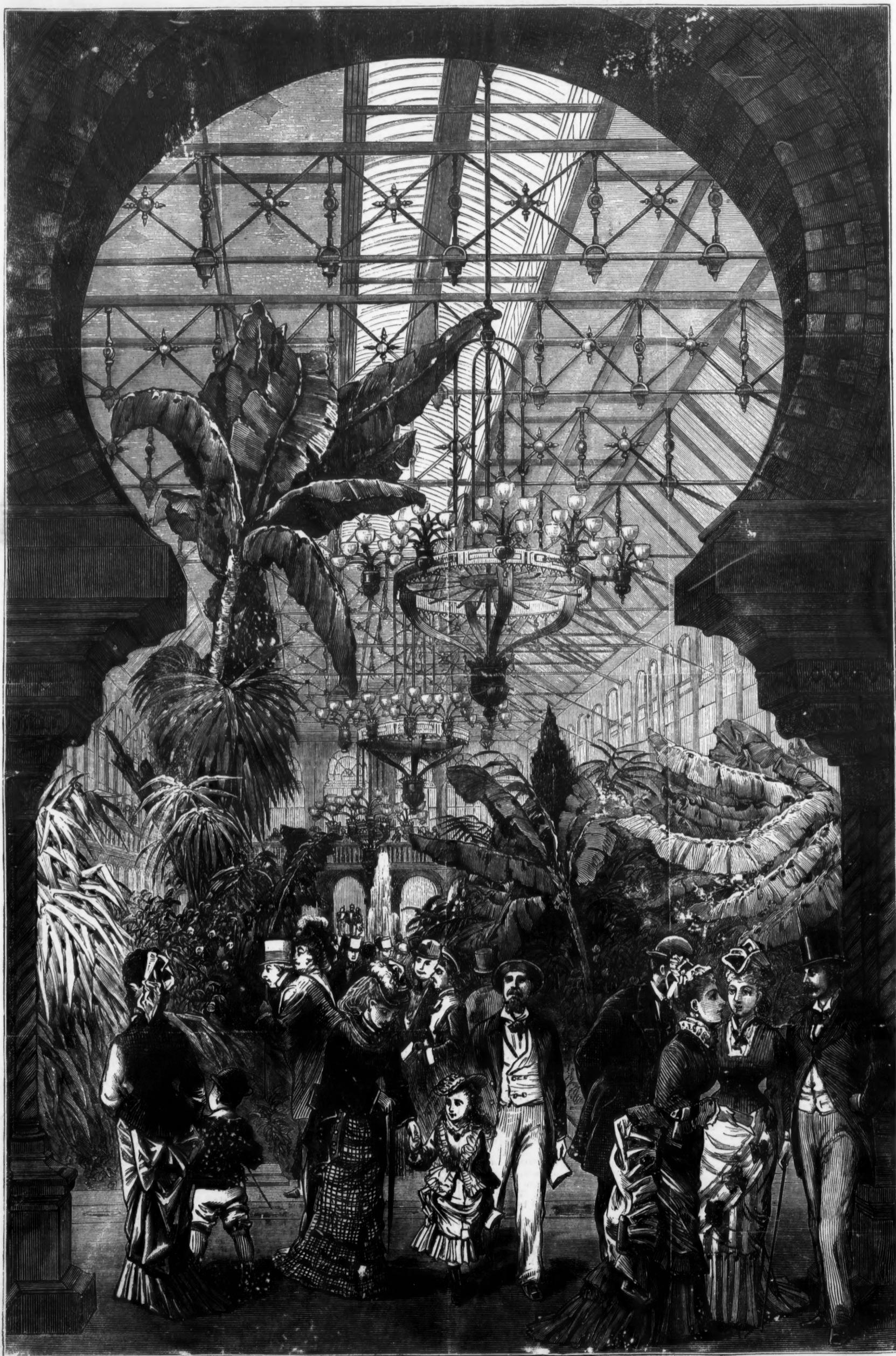
THE Prince of Wales is bringing home with him a large collection of living animals, including, among the most important, two musk deer, three thars, a manis, three adult ostriches, four elephants, five tigers, three leopards, sixteen impeyan pheasants, more than twenty tragopans and cheer pheasants, several other deer and antelopes, together with fruit pigeons, peafowl, etc. These His Royal Highness intends to have exhibited as one collection, and as such they will be deposited in the Gardens of the Zoological Society, a suitable house being in course of erection, and now nearly completed, for their reception.

Boldo.—This new remedy, into the properties of which M. Dujardin, Beaumetz and Claude Verne have been making an investigation, in conjunction with the practitioners in the Parisian hospitals, proves to be a bitter, aromatic tonic, useful where quinine cannot be borne, but likely to produce vomiting in large doses. All parts of the tree (*Boldo fragrans*) are utilized. Treated in succession by ether, alcohol and water, the resultant constituents were: An essential oil, a bitter principle called Boldonia, citric acid, lime, sugar, gum, tannin, and some thick and dark aromatic matter, probably due to oxidation. The plant is a native of Chili.

Dynamite.—The discoverer of nitro-glycerine, Sobrero, in a communication addressed to the Turin Academy of Sciences, calls attention to two dangerous operations in the manufacture of dynamite—one, in the mixing of the oil with the infusorial silica; and the other, in pressing the mass into the cartridges. Both of these operations are dangerous, and could easily lead to explosions. It is better to stir up the silica into a paste with water, and to then introduce it into the cartridges, and allow it to dry; by subsequently soaking the former in nitro-glycerine, they will take up as much as 75 per cent, and be quite as effective, when fired with a suitable fulminate, as they would be if made in the old and dangerous way.

Rusting of Iron.—It has generally been supposed that the rusting of iron depends principally upon moisture and oxygen. It would appear, however, from the late Dr. Calvert’s experiments, that carbonic acid is the principal agent, and without this the other agencies have very little effect. Iron does not rust at all in dry oxygen, but little in moist oxygen, while it rusts very rapidly in a mixture of moist carbonic acid and oxygen. If a piece of bright iron be placed in water saturated with oxygen, it rusts very little; but if carbonic acid be present, oxidation goes on so fast that a dark precipitate is produced in a very short time. It is said that bright iron placed in a solution of caustic alkali does not rust at all. The inference to be derived is that, by the exclusion of moist carbonic acid from contact with iron, rust can be rapidly prevented.

Glass Sponges.—In the Museum of the Central Park are exhibited some glass sponges which are now brought from Japan. They differ from ordinary coral in being composed of silice instead of carbonate of lime. These sponges look like network woven by hand, and are among the most beautiful objects in nature. The scientific name is *Euplectella*, or *Venus’s Flower-basket*. They are found off the coast of Zebu, one of the Philippine Islands, and are taken by the natives by an ingeniously contrived instrument, consisting of a bamboo frame to which forty large fish-hooks are attached, and which can be dragged along the bottom of the sea. Every now and then the Indian feels a slight tug, and at the end of an hour or so he pulls up the drag, and usually finds five or ten of the flower-spon



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, MAY 10TH—SCENE IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—OPENING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, MAY 10TH—VISITORS PASSING THROUGH THE TURNSTILES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 179.

HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD,

UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM IOWA.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, Governor of Iowa, who was recently elected United States Senator, to succeed the Hon. George J. Wright, whose time expires March 4th, 1877, was born in Harford County, Md., and is now about sixty-two years of age. In 1835 he moved into Richmond County, O., and after two years of legal study was admitted to practice. During his residence in that State he was prosecuting attorney of the county for five years, delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and as a member of the Judiciary Committee of that body contributed much labor to the provision of a judiciary system so complete, that it has not been changed to this day. In 1852 he removed to Johnson County, Ia., and, abandoning the practice of his profession, engaged in farming and milling. In 1856 he was elected to the State Senate, and, serving a term of two years, was re-elected for a similar term. In 1859 he was elected Governor of the State, and his administration was so great a success, that he was renominated without opposition. Governor Kirkwood was selected to fill a short term in the United States Senate in 1866, and upon the expiration of his term he returned to his home and devoted himself to his private affairs. Last July he was nominated a third time for Governor, and was elected by a most flattering majority. On the assembling of the last Legislature he was elected United States Senator. He is familiarly known as the "Old War Governor," and he will be most gratefully remembered for his prudent economy in holding the State expenditures to the lowest possible limit compatible with the public interest.

Mental Science.

PSYCHOLOGY is the science of the Mind. It has for its object the investigation of the composition of the mental forces and the establishment of the rules which govern the Mind in its various activities of Thought, Emotion and Will. Its relationship to, and dependence upon, the general laws of nature were recognized at an early age when Aristotle bestowed upon its study the title of *Metaphysic*, *sic*—*i.e.*, the study of something beyond and after Physics. But for many centuries the separate identity of Psychology as a distinct sphere of investigation was almost completely ignored, if *less* merged in the comprehensive name of Philosophy, which in the outset implied universal science, and embraced every branch of intellectual study tending to the enlightenment of man as to his relationship with God and Nature. As, however, in the gradual development of human knowledge, Philosophy has given birth to a variety of separate and concrete sciences, as mathematics, chemistry and all the sciences comprehended under the general name of Physics, the term Metaphysics has come to be accepted specially for the science of the soul—the search for those remote truths of being the knowledge of which is independent of experience. The science of the Mind is, by many writers, regarded as being included in this study, and it has accordingly been pursued in the ancient manner of studying physical science—not by drawing conclusions from observations and experiments, but from arbitrary *a priori* assumptions. Later investigations, however, sustained by the wonderful

progress made in modern times in the development of physiological and anatomical knowledge, have preferred to assign a more circumscribed and thereby looser field of action to psychology as an independent branch. It is now recognized more in the light of a study of immediate methods than as an investigation of ultimate powers and results. Like all its cognate sciences, Psychology having assumed the attitude of a concrete system, no longer contents

itself with efforts for "solving the insoluble and finding the undiscoverable," but basing its doctrines only upon demonstrable facts, pushes on as far as such facts are procurable to support it, and ceases its labors when they fail. Depending as it does upon the relationship of the Body with the Mind, it will probably at some future time be recognized as the Philosophy of the Mortal Mind in contradistinction to the abstruse metaphysical process which

concerns itself more exclusively with speculations respecting the Immortal Soul. In this latter aspect, Psychology is the science of those mysterious internal operations which constitute the animal mind. Deprive the latter of its physical attributes, and it ceases to operate, and consequently to have independent existence. The human frame, in all its varied arrangements of muscular and vascular processes, its nervous tissues, and its vertebral system, forms the mechanism which incites the mind to activity, and sustains its operations even in those bodily movements in which the mind itself appears to be the actuating impulse. We may, it is true, speak of Mind as a source of power; but we must then mean by that term the consciousness in conjunction with the whole body, and must be prepared to admit that Physical Energy is the indispensable condition, and Consciousness the casual. "The Science of Mind unfolds the mechanism of our common mental constitution." Adverting but slightly in the first instance to the differences between one man and another, it endeavors to give a full account of the internal mechanism that we all possess alike—of the sensations and emotions, intellectual faculties and volitions of which we are every one of us conscious." In order to fully explain these phenomena, it is constantly necessary to refer them to their physical coefficients, in their proper relations respectively as antecedents and consequents. Thus the Mind and the Body taken together form the mortal type of that immortal and inscrutable essence which springs from the Almighty, and through which alone we not only derive, but are enabled to be conscious of, our life and being. Neither can be fully understood independently of the other.

The First Picture Gallery in America.

WITH the physical development of the country, and the consequent freedom from the harassing cares which had kept the thoughts of the early colonists on the arts of necessity, one form of luxury after another crept in upon the homely life of our ancestors. Pictures began to find their way here from the Old World, and artists began to visit the colonies. It is probable that they met with many discouragements and but scanty patronage, for few authentic traces have been preserved of those early pioneers of art. Cotton Mather, in his "Magdalia," refers to a "limner," but he gives no name. One of the first of whom we have other than vague traditions was a native of Scotland, John Watson by name, who came to the colonies in 1715, and established himself as a portrait-painter at Perth Amboy, then a flourishing commercial rival of New York. In a building adjoining his dwelling-house he established the first picture-gallery in America. The collection was probably of little value. Watson, who combined the art of portrait-painting with the business of a money-lender, amassed a considerable fortune. He never married, and dying in 1768, at the age of eighty-three, left his wealth and his pictures to a nephew. Taking sides with the loyalists in 1776, the nephew was compelled to flee the country. The deserted picture-gallery, left to the mercies of the undisciplined militia, was broken up, and the collection of paintings was so effectually scattered that all trace of them was lost. None of the portraits executed by Watson are known to be in existence, and he is remembered only as an obscure pioneer in the culture and development of a taste for the fine arts in this country.



HON. S. J. KIRKWOOD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES, IOWA CITY.

FUN.

DR. NEWMAN spoke in a recent sermon of "the sad funeral procession," which followed Abel to the grave. An irreverent woman in the audience nudged her companion and whispered: "Not such a large procession, but very select. None but the first families."

"VENTILATION in the Capitol," is now the question which our National House of Representatives is discussing at a cost to the country of several thousands per day. It looks as if they might succeed in getting all the ventilation they want before the session's over.

A FRENCHMAN learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go, thou startest, he departs, we make tracks, you cut sticks, they absquatulate or skedaddle."

FORCIBLE if not elegant was that remark of a little bootblack to a gentleman whom he was professionally serving: "Some rich folks is mighty mean; when I'm done they just give me three cents or so, and walks off. I tell you what, if God was quick-tempered, some folks would get hurt."

"YES," he said, dreamily, "we grope in darkness now. We stand on the verge of infinity, but try vain to bridge it with the soul-yearnings that possess us." "Yes," she remarked, "that reminds me: I wish you'd leave one of your old night-shirts out for a pattern."

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parishioners were walking on the ice one day, when the old man slipped and fell. "Ah!" shouted the clergyman, "the wicked shall stand on slippery places." The old man looked at the parson a moment and said: "I see they do, but I can't."

SIMPKINS rang the servants' bell violently a few mornings since, and called Bridget to explain why the hot water for shaving had not been brought early, as he had ordered. "Shure, sir, didn't I bring it up and leave it at the door last night, so that you could have it in good time?" Simpkins did not talk back, but took a cold-water shave that morning.

A TOAST.

Two Important Discoveries! The discovery of America by Columbus, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery; the one opening up to mankind a new continent, the other a fountain of health, which is indispensable to the full enjoyment of life and its blessings. In response to the above sentiment come the unsolicited attestations of tens of thousands of grateful patients, who have been relieved from chronic ailments through its instrumentality. These voices are limited to no one locality, but from every city, village and hamlet in our broad domain, as well as from other climes, and in the strange utterances of foreign tongues, like the confused murmur of many waters, come unfeigned and hearty commendations. It is, in combination with the Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the great depurator of the age. Under its benign action erupts no disappear, excessive waste is checked, the nerves are strengthened, and health, long banished from the system, resumes her reign, and re-establishes her rosee throne upon the cheek. All who have thoroughly tested its virtues in the diseases for which it is recommended unite in pronouncing it the great Medical Discovery of the age.

The Wish to be Beautiful.—There never lived a woman who could truthfully say she did not care whether she was pretty or not. Every woman cares. The laws of her being render physical attractiveness as much a glory to her as strength is to a man. Now, one of the essential elements of beauty is a clear complexion, free from tan, spot, freckle or blemish, and this charm can be acquired by the use of DR. T. F. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. The mass of testimony establishing the rejuvenating properties of this famous preparation covers a period of many years, and includes the names of a large number of professional celebrities, among which are those of Parepa Rosa, Nilsson, Fanny Stockton, Mrs. Bowers, etc. The scientific indorsement of the article is equally comprehensive and emphatic. The Board of Health of New York, in condemning generally the cosmetics of the period as poisonous, specially exempted GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, and pronounced it harmless. For nearly thirty-five years DR. GOURAUD'S preparations, including LILY-WHITE and ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, for the cure of Skin Diseases, have taken precedence of all others, and the fashionable and scientific world unite in awarding to his ORIENTAL CREAM the superiority over every article of its class on either side of the Atlantic. Found at the Doctor's depot, 48 Bond Street, New York, and of druggists.

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Overton's New Dining Rooms. No. 192 Chat-ham Square, are unexceptionable in the cheapness, quality and cooking of their table supplies. Call and judge.

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Globe Bird Medicine, for Birds of all kinds, restores health, song and plumage. For sale by all Druggists and Bird-dealers. By mail 25 cents. Address, SINGER GRAVEL PAPER CO., 582 Hudson St., N. Y.

Millions of Bottles of BURNETT'S COCAINE have been sold during the last twenty years, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the best hair-dressing in the world.

Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure-grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

Flags, Bunting and Banners are naturally the outgrowth of the Centennial fever. So far E. C. Chamberlin, age 11 for the "Centennial Flags," leads all competitors. These really beautiful banners come thirty-six in a set and cost \$25. Mr. Chamberlin's office is Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue.

The Big Bonanza.—50 Side-splitting Pictures, 1 Magic Whistle, 1 Pack Magic Trick Cards, The Matrimonial Programme, Pack Visiting Cards, 1 Pack Ray-mond Cards, 1 Pack Vanishing Carte de Visite. The lot in one Package all for only 25 cents. W. L. CRAWFORD, 65 Nassau Street, New York City. P. O. Box 3676.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age. is Dr. Tobias's VENETIAN LINIMENT for the cure of Aches and Pains, also Cholera, Dysentery, Colic and Vomiting. Warranted for over twenty-seven years, and never failed. No family or traveler should be without it. It is worth its weight in gold. Sold by the druggists.

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As Good Wine increases in richness with age, so does the Fragrant Sosozont increase in popularity. It more than realizes all the properties claimed for it. The purity of its ingredients, and the wonderful power they exert in arresting dental decay, even after the teeth have acquired ragged edges, no less than the happy neutralization of impure breath arising from any source, combine to make Sosozont a strictly invaluable adjunct of the toilet. There is absolutely nothing of a deleterious character in the preparation, every component substance being vegetable and antiseptic.

Valuable Discovery.—Dr. C. W. Benson, a practicing physician at 106 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., who has paid much attention to nervous diseases, has discovered that EXTRACT OF CELERY and CHAMOMILE, combined in a certain proportion, invariably cures headache—either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous, or sick headache—neuralgia, and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills at fifty cents per box, postage free. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—Episcopal Methodist. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists. JOHN F. HENRY, CURRAN & Co., Agents.



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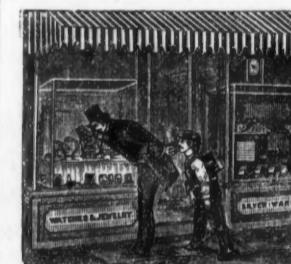
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